WALT DISNEY'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME III, NO. 5

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Dear Readers,

In this issue of our magazine, we have tried something new—a visiting editor's page. Our very first visiting editor is none other than Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran, who will be remembered from the "Spin and Marty" TV series and the movie, "Old Yeller." Moochie chose to edit some games and puzzles for the "Anything Can Happen" page, and he worked pretty hard at this job. He had a lot of fun being an editor—and he tells us he thinks his page is "real good."

We think Moochie's page *is* good, but it has some real competition. For example, in this issue Donald Duck travels all over the world trying to track down a master criminal. And we've caught some of the Mouseketeers off-guard as they play during breaks in their shooting schedule. Then there's the last installment of "The Secret of San Rio," and the first part of a new fiction story, "Bee Line to Trouble."

Mickey Mouse, now an experienced TV actor, describes television on page six, and there's a brand new Zorro adventure on page 10. And in case you've ever wondered what happens when a Mouseketeer has a photograph taken, just turn to page four.

We are grateful for all your letters with your fine suggestions for the magazine. You can be sure our staff finds them very helpful in choosing the stories and features that will make our magazine better than ever.

Your friend, Walt Disney

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WALT DISNEY'S

MAGAZINE

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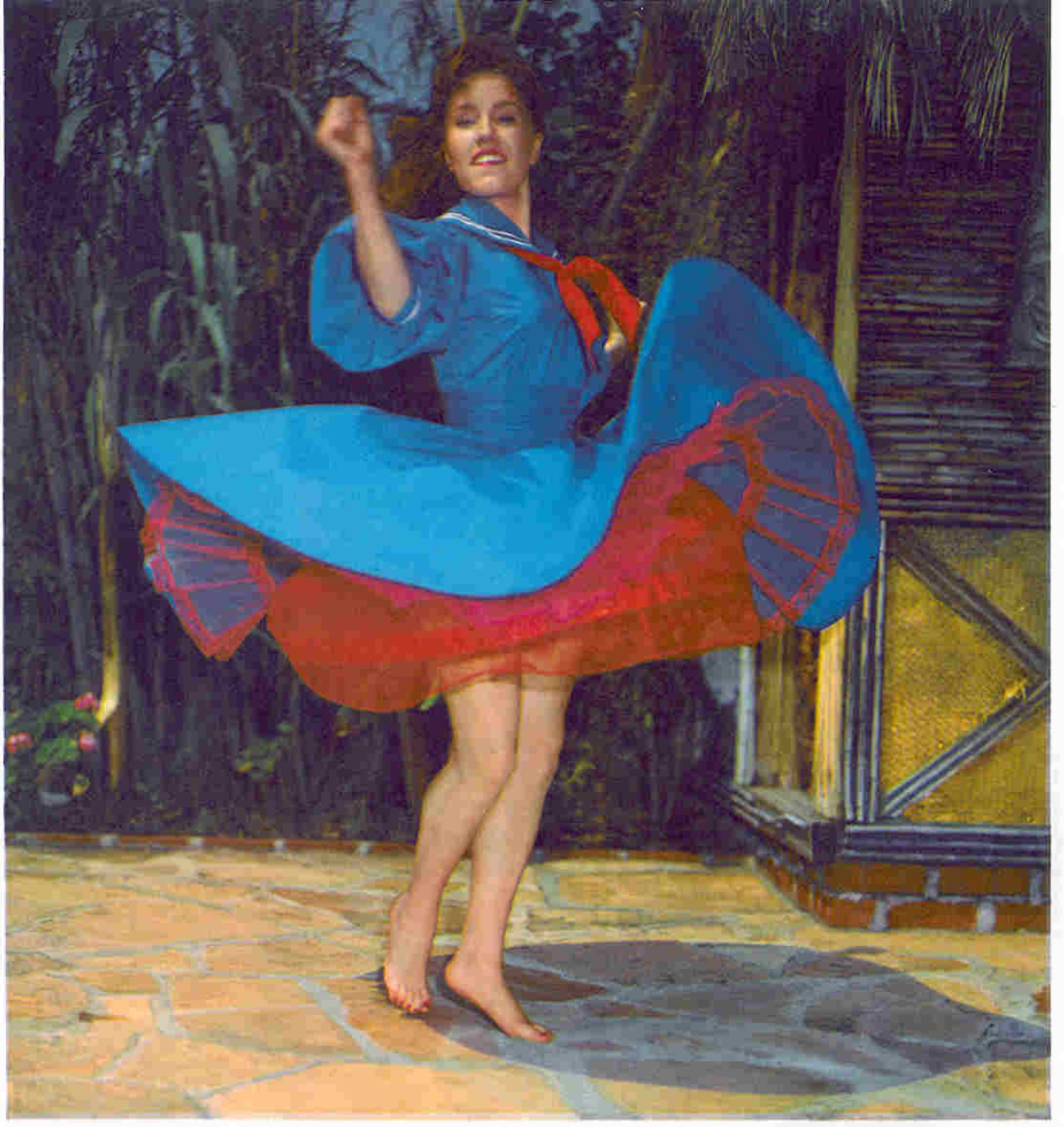
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Darlene Gillespie strikes a tuneful pose in our cover photograph by Roger Davidson, who also took the photos on pages 4 and 5. The color photographs of polar bears on pages 8 and 9 are the work of Mary Wilmar, Hugh A. Wilmar and Mary Carrick. The pictures of petrified trees on pages 40 and 41 were taken by Carlos Elmer.

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DARLENE . . . *slick chick flies high*

The door of Roger Davidson's studio banged open. A small whirlwind blew in, charging the atmosphere with a peculiar brand of electricity. It was Darlene Gillespie, 17-year-old singer, dancer and recording artist, arriving to have her photograph taken. She was breathless, rushed and ten minutes behind schedule.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said. "I had to have my makeup and get my hair combed out and will this lipstick do?"

"You look fine, Darlene," said Mr. Davidson. "Now just sit here and we'll try the yellow background."

"I'm hungry, though. I only had time for half a sandwich at lunch."

"We'll order a sandwich for you. What would you like?" Mrs. Davidson asked.

"How about turkey on brown bread with mayonnaise? And a . . . a . . . a cup of tea. I love tea. I drink it all the time. It's about the only thing I know how to make." Darlene perched on a high stool and swung one foot contentedly as Mr. Davidson adjusted the lights.

"You mean you don't cook?" Mr. Davidson asked teasingly. "What *do* you do?"

"I sing and dance. And I act. I'm not very domestic, I'm afraid. I don't really have time for cooking and hobbies. After all, I want to get some place so I have to study hard. Some day I'm going to be a musical comedy star and a serious actress, too. Being picked as a Mouseketeer was a big break for me."

"Just turn your head a little to the left, Darlene," Mr. Davidson interrupted. "Now, a big smile. There!"

"I got another break when I played the lead in *Corky and White Shadow*," Darlene went on as if there had been no interruption. "And then I was asked to do some records. I did an album called *Darlene of the Teens* and later on a storytelling album, *Alice in Wonderland*, with music from the Disney film. Then I recorded *Little Gems from Big Shows*. That was fun. I got to sing with Jerome Courtland, who plays Andy Burnett on TV. We sang *Be a Clown* from *The Pirate* and *Shoes* from *House of Flowers*—and I soloed with *I Like You* from *Fanny* and *Shall We Dance?* from *The King and I*."

Ever since she graduated from pigtails into the slick chick class, Darlene has been very much concerned about her appearance. She will often ask casual acquaintances what they think of her hair-do or whether a particular dress is becoming. Now she stared down at herself critically. "Do these pants make me look awfully close to the ground?" she asked.

"You aren't very tall," Mrs. Davidson commented.

"I know. Five feet nothing. I have to be awfully careful what I wear or I look like a little girl playing dress-up. Ooh—the sandwich!"

Darlene munched happily while Mr. Davidson set up the next photograph. "Do you have any brothers and sisters?" Mrs. Davidson asked.

"Yes. Three sisters and a brother. Pat is 20 and she's going to be a nurse. Gina's six and Larrian is eight. They're going to be actresses. Little Larry's only one. We don't know what he's going to be—but we're awfully glad he's a boy." Darlene brushed the crumbs from her lap and stood up. "My mother and father used to be dancers. Now my father's an electrical inspector for an aircraft plant and my mother takes care of us."

She stepped in front of the yellow backdrop and smiled again for the camera. Then, for the first time she noticed something missing in the studio. "You usually play records while you're working."

"Yes, but my collection's over at the house today," Mr. Davidson explained.

Darlene moved, tried a new pose. "I don't get much time, but I like listening to records and going to movies and shows. You can learn a lot by watching other people work. Joanne Woodward was great in *Three Faces of Eve*. I like Rock Hudson, too, and Judy Garland and Donald O'Connor. I watch them every chance I get."

Mr. Davidson seemed troubled. "You're so busy," he remarked. "Don't you ever just have fun—go on dates?"

"Oh, sure," Darlene grinned impishly. "I like to ride horseback and swim, too. Why, I even keep a diary—when I remember it."

The strobe lights flashed. "Are you through now?" Darlene asked.

"Yes, that was the last one."

"Good!" She bounced up, started to gather her things. "We'll have time for a malt on the way back to the studio. Thanks a lot. G'bye."

Darlene dashed out. The front door slammed shut. The Davidson studio suddenly seemed very, very quiet.



Darlene, a great tea-drinker, pours a cup for her mother.



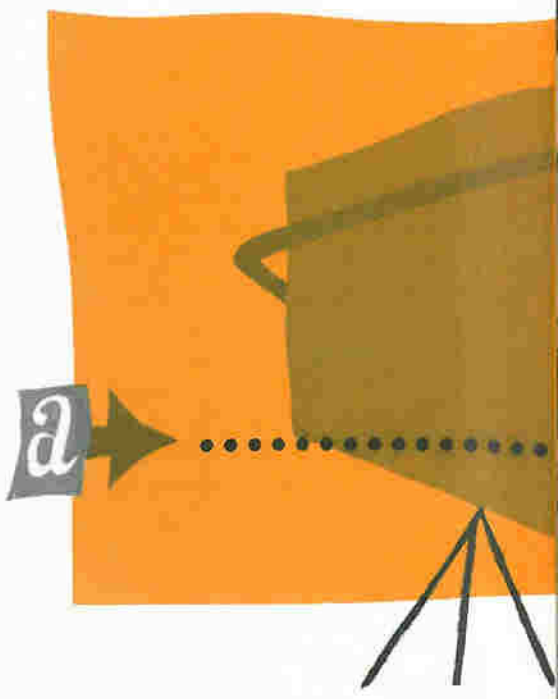
Young Larry Gillespie is the center of attention when his sisters, Pat, Larrian, Gina and Darlene, get together.



In spite of her busy schedule, Darlene finds time for dates, horseback riding and swimming, her favorite sport.

how television works

by mickey mouse



Hi, everybody! I'm Mickey Mouse. For almost three years I've been on television and—do y'know—it wasn't till just the other day that I found out how television works.

Most of us take TV for granted. When Minnie and I want to watch a show, we simply turn a knob. Pretty soon, on come pictures of singers and dancers on one channel, actors breaking up furniture on another channel and cowboys shooting up the range on another.

Just about everybody knows that TV won't work without electricity (you've gotta plug in the set) and an antenna, but it wasn't till I talked to Robert O. Cook, head of my boss's sound department, that I found out how many different, complicated things take place in TV.

In many ways... well, it's like radio. For years we've known how to send radio waves through space and make them stronger in the radio set in your home. Radio waves shoot out of the station's transmitting antenna in every direction. The waves are real tiny, and they're invisible. Your radio picks them up and makes them stronger so they are loud enough for you to hear.

Television works the same way. In the TV studio the picture is changed into electric waves and sent out from a transmitter. The picture is then reconstructed on the TV screen in your home. And here's where it gets complicated. How can a picture go through the air in the form of electricity? Well, here's how Mr. Cook explained the whole thing to me:

The TV camera "scans" the picture one line at a time from left to right and top to bottom with a sharp beam of electrons. (Mr. Cook says that in electronics, "scanning" means sweeping across a picture with this beam of electrons.)

As the beam scans the picture, it breaks it down into tiny particles, each of which is some shade between black and white. You can get an idea of this by looking at a newspaper picture through a magnifying glass. It looks like thousands of dots arranged in an orderly fashion to make a picture.

Getting the dots from the TV camera to your home TV set is the big problem. It's sort of like one pencil at the TV camera tied to millions of pencils at the homes of viewers... and you might say that the pencils are tied together by an electronic string.

A photo-electric cell makes it possible to change the tiny picture dots into electrical waves. You see, photo-electric cells can send electric current when light strikes them. But they shut off the current when there is no light. So when the white parts of a picture are scanned, the cells send a relatively large current... but they allow almost no current when a black particle appears.

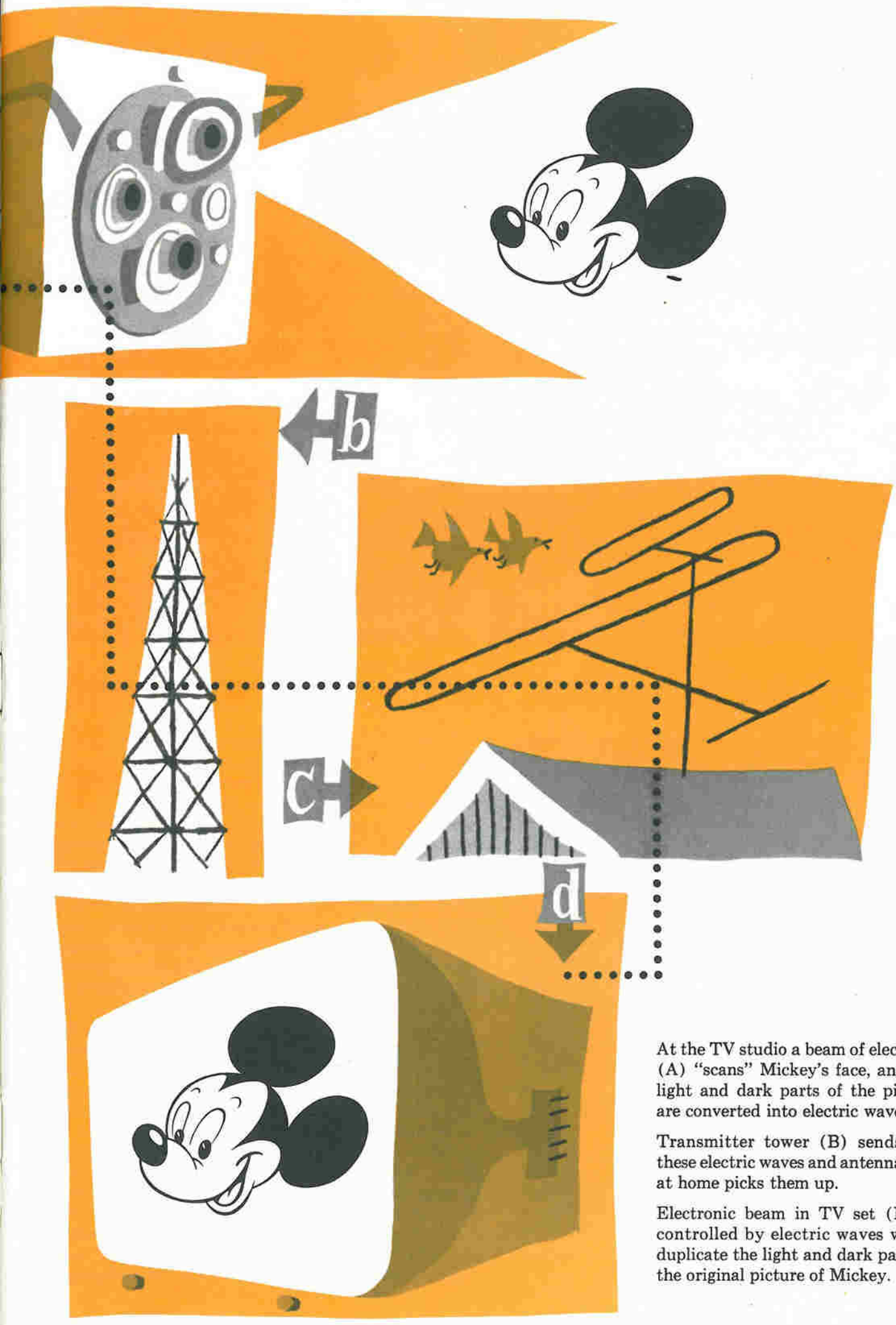
The scanning takes place at great speed. In fact, it happens faster than the human eye can see. Instead of seeing thousands of dots each second, the eye sees only one continuous picture. Try looking at the TV screen up close to the picture tube, and you can easily see the horizontal lines made by the dots.

The inside of the picture tube is coated with a substance called phosphor, which gives off light when electrons strike it. Some phosphors give off light in various colors, and this is what makes color television possible.

At the same time a beam of electrons is scanning a picture in the TV studio, another beam is scanning the picture tube in your home. The electronic image, or picture, from the studio is amplified (made stronger) and sent through the air as electric waves. It's gathered up by the receiving antenna and changed back into light on your TV screen. The waves become weaker as they pass through space, so they are amplified again in your TV set. They are made to control an electron beam so it scans the face of the picture tube in exact unison with the scanning in the camera at the TV station. And, as a result, we see a picture in our own homes.

Picture tubes use a much higher voltage than is used to light the lights in your home, so remember you can get a bad shock if you touch the wrong place. Why, my friend Donald—you all know Donald Duck—tried to fix a set himself and got a terrible shock. He was so lit up that Huey, Dewey and Louie didn't recognize him... they thought he was a Christmas tree.

Well, so long everybody. See you on TV!



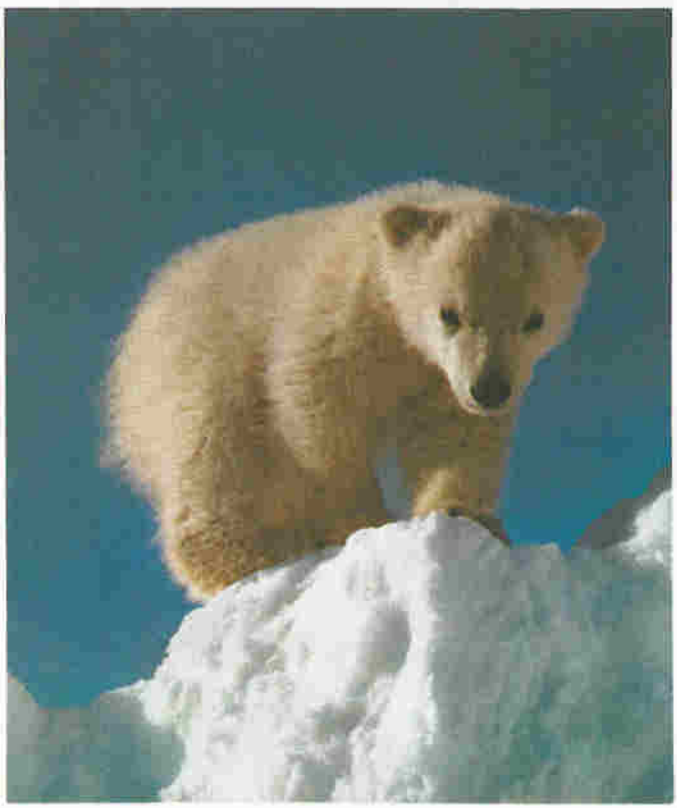
At the TV studio a beam of electrons (A) "scans" Mickey's face, and the light and dark parts of the picture are converted into electric waves.

Transmitter tower (B) sends out these electric waves and antenna (C) at home picks them up.

Electronic beam in TV set (D) is controlled by electric waves which duplicate the light and dark parts of the original picture of Mickey.

Playmates Of The Far North

by James Algar



Like most playful youngsters, the polar bear cub enjoys a lively game of king of the snow mountain.

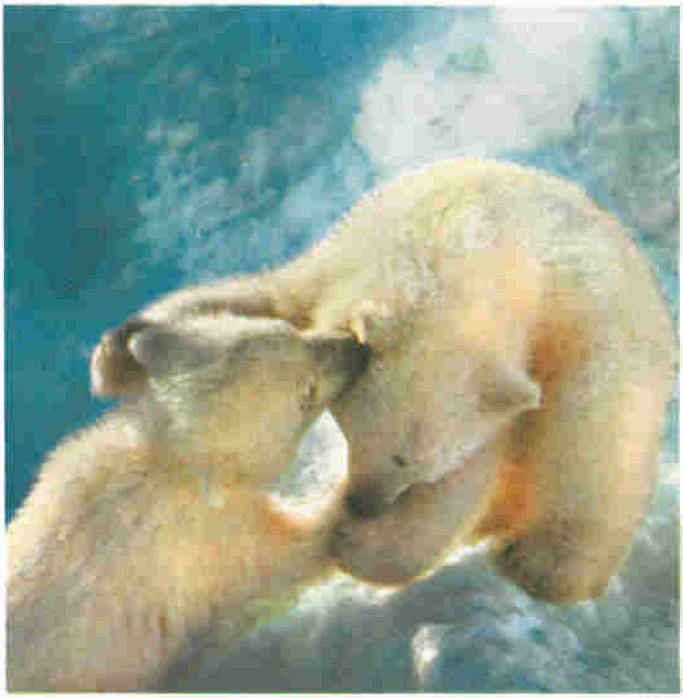
To most of us, the endless expanse of the northern ice cap would seem as desolate as the moon, but to polar bear cubs it is the perfect playground even though there isn't a tree in sight.

Most other species of bears would be lost without some tall trees to climb, yet the polar bears, being unfamiliar with forests, never give the matter a second thought. Like all bear cubs, polar bear youngsters have a well-developed sense of play. They spend hours exploring fantastic ice castles, chasing each other up and down hills of drifted snow, wrestling with each other to see who will be king of the mountain. For these carefree little fellows, the long Arctic day is a prolonged session of roly-poly rough and tumble play.

This would seem a good way to keep warm, except for the fact that these energetic cubs don't have to exercise to stay comfortable. Nature has seen to that. She has given them a thick coat of fur with which to withstand the freezing cold. When they grow up, they'll even have fur on the bottoms of their feet!

And so, during their cubhood, polar bear youngsters have little to worry about and can afford to devote their time to games. Later on, when they have reached maturity, they will put aside their playful ways and devote themselves to the more serious business of hunting, and in time, to providing for a family of their own.

When grown a bear's mind is less on fun and games



These cubs of the Arctic wasteland are born with an innate sense of play which finds outlet in wrestling.

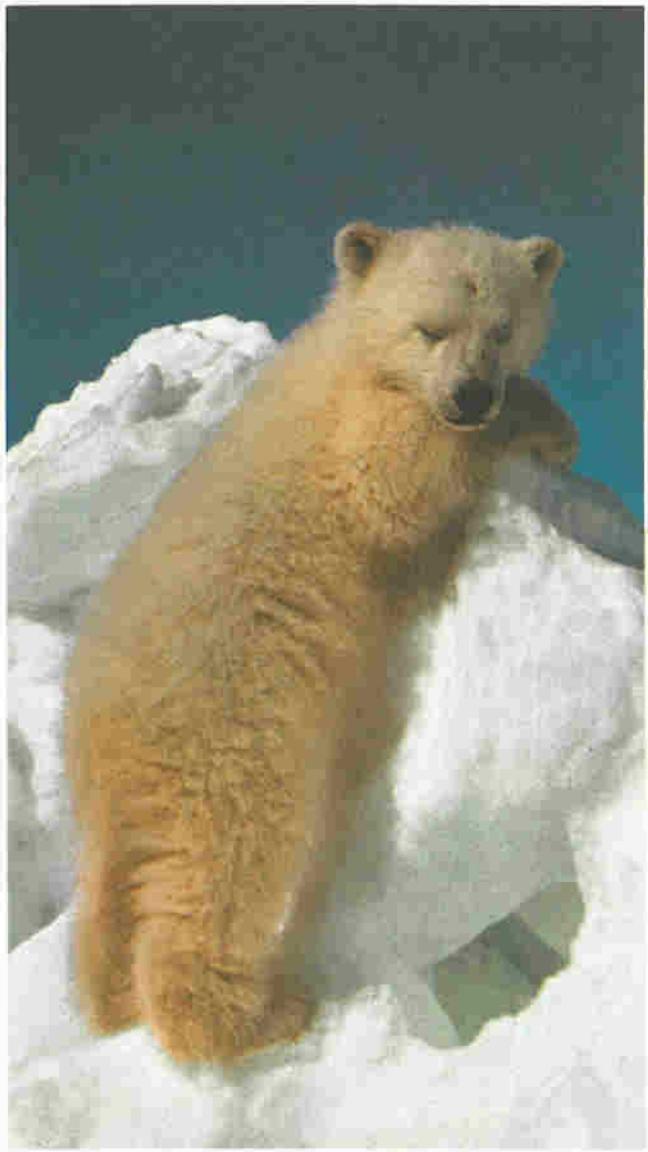
and more on important things. The adult polar bear is king of the Arctic domain. Winter and summer both, it roams the white wilderness. Unlike its relatives in southern climes, it does not hibernate.

Of all the legendary creatures of the far North, the polar bear is the one who seems the symbol of this ghostly land. It has been called many names – Spirit Bear of the North... Ice Bear... White Ghost of the Arctic. It is all these things, and more – the largest, most powerful, most ferocious animal in the entire white wilderness.

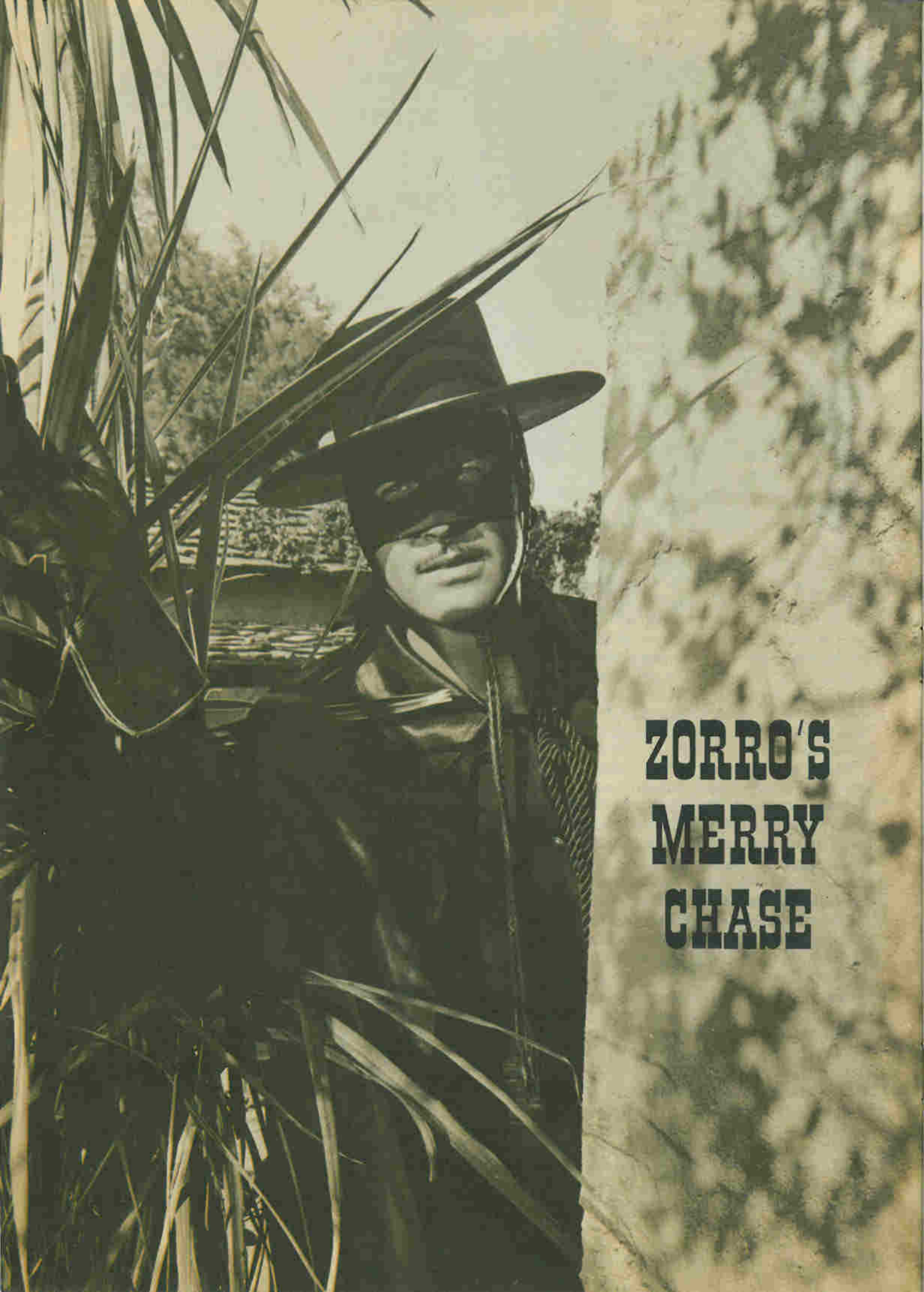
The polar bear might well be called the bear of the sea, for it spends almost as much time in the water as it does on the land. Equipped with a waterproof coat of fur and a thick layer of fat for insulation, it hardly feels the cold and sometimes will swim for miles in order to get from one ice floe to another. It's a powerful, almost tireless swimmer and seems immune to the paralyzing cold of the Arctic waters.

The polar bear is a hunter of meat and its chief item of diet is the seal. However, it will eat almost anything it finds, including the eggs of nesting birds and occasionally a hapless bird, if it's lucky enough to catch one. Occasionally it will give chase to the walrus herds, but not with too much expectancy of a capture, for the giant walrus bulls outweigh the bear by a half a ton.

Although the male bear will roam its hunting ground all year round, the female does follow the hibernation pattern of other bears when it is time for her cubs to be born. When the long Arctic winter sets in, she will withdraw to a sheltering snow cave and sleep the winter away. Her cubs are born in January or February and tend to remain in seclusion till spring. But by the time they are three months old, they are ready to explore the treeless domain that nature decreed as their home.



A polar bear cub is a small-sized counterpart of his parent, wearing the same winter-white coat and possessing the same amazing ability to withstand the cold.



ZORRO'S MERRY CHASE

The warm midday sun beat down on the little pueblo of Los Angeles. On the east side of the plaza, or marketplace, the innkeeper drowsed in his doorway. On the west side, a sentry stood motionless at the gate of the cuartel, where the soldiers of Spain were stationed. The townspeople bustled to and from the shops of the bootmakers, the druggists, the saddle-makers and the clothiers, or stopped to examine the rich, ripe melons, the oranges and squashes displayed on the crude, open stalls that dotted the marketplace.

Suddenly the sleepy atmosphere of the pueblo was broken. The heavy gate of the cuartel swung open and Sergeant Garcia waddled out. His bright blue coat didn't quite cover the wide expanse of his stomach. He needed a shave. His sword clanked as it dragged along the dusty plaza. It was a new sword, and quite a large one, befitting the dignity of the acting commandante of the pueblo.

Sergeant Garcia was on his way to the tavern, where perhaps he would find somebody who would buy him some wine. Everyone was so good to him now that he was acting commandante. People showed much more respect than when he had been just a simple sergeant.

Halfway across the plaza, the good sergeant stopped at the stall of a girl named Maria Torillo. Garcia enjoyed pretty girls, and Maria was without doubt one of the prettiest. The sergeant also enjoyed the delicious grapes and tiny cucumbers which Maria sold every day.

"Ah, buenos dias, senorita," he greeted her. "You do indeed look beautiful this morning."

"You say that every morning, sergeant," smiled the girl.

"But this morning you look especially beautiful with your fine melons, oranges and... ah... Is my credit good for a few of your delicious cucumbers?"

"If you lived to be a thousand, you'd never pay us back," the girl murmured under her breath.

"What was that?" asked Garcia.

"I said that my father and I are always happy to extend credit to an important man such as yourself, sergeant," Maria replied sweetly.

"Gracias, senorita. You may call me commandante, now that I am in charge of the pueblo."

"Forgive me, sergeant. From now on I will call you commandante, sergeant."

Garcia, whose wide blue coat made his back look somewhat like a map of the Pacific Ocean, grabbed a cucumber from the stall and stuffed it into his mouth. As he reached for another cucumber, he half turned to greet his good friend Don Diego de la Vega. Maria, afraid the sergeant would eat her out of house and home, pushed some of her hottest chili peppers toward the sergeant's hamlike hand. Innocently, the sergeant picked up a pepper and bit into it. White-hot fire shot through his mouth and he bellowed with pain.

The other merchants in the plaza knew well what Maria had done. They howled with laughter at the big sergeant. "I'm burning up!" yelled Garcia, and he hurried to the tavern to put out the fire with some good wine.

Diego chuckled softly as he watched the sergeant go. "That's one way to get rid of a bad customer," he said to Maria.

"I had to do it, Don Diego," she answered with a grin. "After all we work hard. My father is sick, and we cannot afford to feed the sergeant and still pay our taxes."

"I am surprised he does not eat the King of Spain into bankruptcy," returned Diego.

"We are paying enough taxes to feed a hundred Garcias," said the girl. "But what can we do for you, Don Diego?"

"I have come to buy some of your excellent melons," Diego said, and turned his attention to the produce spread out on Maria's counter.

As Diego listened to Maria's chatter in the marketplace, his servant, Bernardo, was listening to another conversation nearby. Everybody in Los Angeles – including Diego's own father – believed that the young man was a shy weakling, and that Bernardo, his servant, could neither hear nor speak. In reality, Diego was the masked rider Zorro, who worked in secret to bring justice to Los Angeles. And Bernardo, though he truly could not talk, could in fact hear very well. Thus he acted as the secret ears of Zorro. People talked freely in the presence of Bernardo, and Bernardo reported some very interesting conversations to Diego.

Bernardo was returning from the livery stable, where he had left Diego's horse and carriage, when he passed the office of a sinister lawyer named Pina. Bernardo glanced through the open window of the office and saw Pina conversing with a small man, a stranger. Bernardo knelt in

Diego nodded as Bernardo told, in gestures, of Pina's evil plot against Maria.



the dusty street and pretended to tighten the buckles on his boots as he listened carefully to catch what the two men were saying.

"But can you force Torillo and his daughter to give up the land?" the stranger asked Pina.

"They will have to," Pina said. "The matter is simple. I want that land. Badly. You have done me a little favor—very easy—just pulling the old deed from the files in Monterey."

"Very easy! Then why didn't you do it yourself?"

"You were paid well for your efforts," Pina reproved the man. "And I will be repaid, too. It was a simple matter to forge a new deed, giving the land to me. When I present this false document, no one will doubt that the land is mine. The sergeant will have to tell Maria Torillo and her father to move, and he will keep them from making trouble when I am settled on the property."

Bernardo heard a chair scrape on the wooden floor as Pina stood up. "Come," the lawyer said to his companion. "We will talk to the sergeant now about this matter."

Bernardo quickly straightened up, and when the two men emerged from the tiny office, he was busily brushing dust from the knees of his trousers. The stranger, a small, beady-eyed fellow, started nervously at the sight of Bernardo, and clutched at Pina's sleeve.

Pina glanced at Bernardo. "That's only Diego de la Vega's manservant," he said carelessly. "He's deaf and dumb. He couldn't tell what we said."

Visibly relieved, the stranger accompanied Pina down the street. But before they reached the plaza, a horseman galloped toward them. The men sidestepped to avoid being run down. As Pina moved, a piece of parchment fell from a portfolio he carried. Bernardo watched the folded paper drop noiselessly to the ground. Pina and the stranger walked on, unaware of what had happened, and disappeared around the corner into the plaza.

Bernardo darted forward and picked up the paper. Quickly, he glanced at the contents. It was the real deed—signed by the governor and stamped with the seal of Spain. It gave Torillo clear title to his land.

Bernardo refolded the paper, slipped it quickly into his pocket and hurried off in search of Diego.

Diego nodded in understanding when Bernardo told, in gestures, of the evil plot against Maria and her father. "This is a job for Zorro," he murmured, pocketing the deed which Bernardo had given him. "Saddle Tornado and bring him to the alleyway behind the church. Wait for me there, Bernardo. I will not be long."

Bernardo ran to get the horses and the carriage at the livery stable, and



"With my new sword, I hope to capture the masked bandit, Zorro," said Garcia.

Diego strolled through the plaza to locate Sergeant Garcia.

Considering his bulk, the sergeant was not hard to find. He was clomping along, his sword dragging in the dirt and raising a cloud of dust.

"I see you carry a new sword, sergeant," ventured Diego.

"Si, Don Diego," Garcia said brightly. "It is with this sword I hope to capture the masked bandit, Zorro."

"That's quite a task." Diego brushed a speck of dust from the delicate lace on his shirt front.

"Si," replied Garcia. "But if I can capture Zorro, maybe they will make me permanent commandante instead of acting commandante."

"Do you feel you are worthy of the post?" Diego asked teasingly.

"Oh certainly, Don Diego. I have the intelligence, the background and the proper military training for such an important assignment. Why, even now the lawyer Pina is waiting for me in my office. I believe he has some important papers for me to see."

"Oh, Pina is in your office? How long will he be there?"

"I do not know just what Senor Pina has in mind," Garcia said doubtfully. "It might take quite a while, Don Diego."

A thick cloud of dust boiled up in his wake as Garcia steamed like a battleship toward the cuartel. Diego watched him go, then wandered through the plaza, buying fruit and vegetables from the various stalls. Gradually, he drifted away from the plaza and into the alleyway behind the church. Then he settled down to wait for his servant.

Presently Bernardo appeared, leading the black horse, Tornado. With his servant to assist him, Diego donned the black cloak and the mask of Zorro. Then, pressing himself flat against the church wall, Zorro squeezed through a narrow opening in a wooden fence and peered around the corner toward the plaza.

Maria was arguing with Sergeant Garcia while the evil Pina stood by.

"I don't care what you have," Maria protested. "You have no right to tell me and my father to leave our farm."

"Senorita," pleaded Garcia, who was sweating heavily, "I only do what I must. This reputable and honest . . . ah . . . this lawyer Pina has a deed proving the land is his. He will not permit you and your good father to spend another night on the farm. I must carry out the law."

"It is a trick," Maria cried, her bright eyes flashing. "We paid for the land . . ."

Pina interrupted her. "My dear," he said, rubbing his bony hands together, "the deed is in my name. Look, I have it here."

Zorro stepped from the shadows into the plaza.

"Stop," he called. "Pina, your deed is false. Maria, the land is yours. Here is the paper which was stolen from the files in Monterey by that unscrupulous lawyer."

Maria ran toward the masked figure, but Sergeant Garcia could only stand gawking, not knowing which way to turn.

"It is Zorro," Pina screeched.

"Garcia you fool! Go after him!"

Obediently, the fat sergeant started to run. But somehow his feet became entangled with his heavy sword. He tripped and sprawled in the dust, scattering Maria's baskets of fruit in every direction.

"Somebody, do something!" roared the lawyer.

Garcia propped himself on an elbow. "Lancers, after him," he shouted. He pulled himself to his feet, taking care to push the sword to the side, out of the way.

Leading Maria by the hand, Zorro raced along the church wall to the fence. The slim Maria had no trouble slipping through the fence, and Zorro followed her. But Sergeant Garcia—that was a different story. He ploughed headlong into the fence, but only his head and part of his ample stomach got through. The rest of Garcia came to a quick halt.

"Help me, I'm stuck," he called to the lancers.

"Fool," hissed Pina. "You're letting them get away. Get out of there."

"I can't," protested Garcia.

By the time the lancers had freed Sergeant Garcia and, prudently, taken the long way around the fence, Tornado was carrying Maria and Zorro swiftly from the pueblo. "Keep this paper," the masked man said, thrusting the document into the girl's hand. "It proves the land is yours. I will take care of the commandante and Pina. Don't worry. You will be safe enough once you get home."

When they reached Maria's farm, Zorro lifted her off the great black horse. Then he wheeled Tornado back and rode to meet the lancers.

"Here I am," he taunted them. "Catch me if you can!"

He led them west, toward Cahuenga Pass. But instead of taking the usual trail through the mountains, he rode along a narrow, rocky path which ran high above the much-traveled pass. Garcia, huffing and puffing, had ridden up to lead his men in the chase.

"We have him on the run now," bellowed the sergeant. "We will catch him if we have to ride all the way to the San Fernando Mission. He thinks he is smart, this fox called Zorro."

The path narrowed, and Zorro slowed his mount. At a seemingly solid wall of boulders, he turned Tornado around and faced the lancers, who were forced to ride in single file. Garcia approached first.

They touched swords, these two on horseback, and the quiet canyon rang with the clash of steel. Zorro's skill quickly showed. A powerful blow disarmed the sergeant. Garcia's new sword flew through the air and landed somewhere behind him. Then Zorro slowly backed Tornado through a small cleft in the rock.

This time Garcia didn't try to follow. He had learned his lesson. He didn't want to get stuck again. Resignedly, he hefted himself off his mount and picked up the fallen sword. He could hear the clatter of Tornado's retreating hoofbeats as Zorro rode off, clear and safe, toward the distant valley.

While Garcia regrouped his men to ride back to the cuartel, Zorro was spurring the powerful Tornado over the mountains and back to the pueblo by a different route.

Night was falling when Garcia returned to the plaza. Everything was quiet. The carts were gone and no one was bending over the well to draw water. Even the tavern was silent.

Only Diego and his servant, Bernardo, were to be seen. They were preparing to return to their rancho after a day in the pueblo.

"Sergeant Garcia," called Diego. "Did you get Zorro?"

"No, Don Diego," replied Garcia sadly. "But we will get him next time. I had him cornered, and with my trusty sword I was besting him while he fought for his life . . . but . . ."

"Yes, sergeant, what happened?" asked Diego, pretending deep interest in the story.

"I cannot lie to you, my friend," said the sergeant. "The foxy Zorro tricked me and led us a merry chase. But it was a good fight. You should have been there."

"Yes," replied Diego thoughtfully. "Well, good night, sergeant."

"Good night, Don Diego."

The lancers rode into the cuartel. Don Diego drove home to his rancho. Once again the little pueblo of Los Angeles slumbered in peaceful silence.

"Here I am!" Zorro taunted the pursuing lancers. "Catch me if you can!"



THE IMPOSTOR

by Tom Jones

When Mark Cannon came to work at Vulcan Aircraft, I spotted him right off as a regular guy. I knew from our first meeting, when he walked into the drafting department and was introduced, that we'd be friends.

Since Cannon didn't know any other people in the plant, I asked him to lunch. As we munched on hamburgers in the cafeteria, we found we had a lot in common.

Naturally enough, since I'm an engineer, I've always been interested in the future of the aircraft industry and in space travel. I found Mark Cannon very well informed on this subject. We talked of rockets, missiles and satellites and, once or twice, about the theory of flying saucers.

"I don't discuss this often with other guys in the department," I said. "On the whole, they're a practical lot. But, you know, I can't help wondering if one or two of those unidentified flying object sightings might not be the real thing."

Cannon listened intently and answered, "I'm glad you feel this way, Bradley. I'm like you. All these rumors can't be just imagination. I feel this way. If we are starting on a program to explore outer space, who are we to say that people from other planets couldn't have the jump on us with at least one successful landing on earth?"

A mutual interest in this often ridiculed subject gave us a common bond. As the days passed, we became even better friends. We attended lectures together on the subject of space travel and space medicine. We exchanged books and discussed the theories of Von Braun, Stuhlinger, Haber and Ley. Often Cannon injected his own theories.

One day our conversation took a personal turn.

"Do you have any close family?" Cannon asked.

"No. Not really. My parents are gone. I have the customary number of aunts, uncles and assorted cousins but they don't live here in California."

One morning, Cannon and I were called into the boss' office. Vulcan was planning a new type of aircraft and we were handed the job of design. Naturally we were excited. The thought and planning we had put into our past projects was now being rewarded.

The days that followed were the most stimulating I'd ever experienced. Cannon and I worked night and day on our design. At times I was amazed at some of the revolutionary ideas he came up with. Things that seemed impractical on the drawing board quickly proved their value in the testing lab. The boss was overjoyed. Through Cannon's foresight and ingenuity the new ship was taking on aspects far beyond the company's wildest dreams.

When the design was completed, I quipped, "Now, will she fly?"

Cannon looked at me for a moment and then, in all seriousness, made the emphatic statement, "Of course she will."

We had worked hard, and I suggested that we go to Palm Springs for the weekend. Cannon tried to beg off. "You go on down," he said. "I've got work to do here."

"Ah, come on," I insisted. "The rest will do you good."

After a little urging, Cannon gave in, and the following Friday evening found us on the road to Palm Springs. The conversation got around to outer space and flying saucers. Cannon said he'd never seen one, though he had been studying them. "That doesn't mean I've given up hope," he went on. "Perhaps we'll see one this weekend. Most of the sightings have been in the desert."

Cannon couldn't have realized how true these words were, for as we neared the Springs a flash of light in the sky caught our attention. At first it moved like a comet and then it came to an abrupt stop and hovered. Then it darted off again. Cannon pulled the car off the road for a better look.

"What do you make of it, Bradley?" he inquired seriously. "Could it be?"

"It sure looks like it," I said.

The light seemed to move closer. It took on a distinct egg-shape and glowed luminously. Then it started toward the earth and disappeared behind a sand dune.

"It's landing!" Cannon exclaimed. "Come on!" The car wheels spun for a moment on the sandy shoulder before we jounced across the road and out over the desert, toward the place where the saucer had disappeared. Cannon drove hunched over the wheel, cutting through sagebrush, cactus and sand at great speed.

As we drove, the faint light that showed behind the sand dune became brighter and brighter. Finally, the car topped a low rise. Cannon cut the motor and shut off the headlights. There it was. There was no mistaking it now. It was some sort of space ship.

Quietly we got out of the car and moved closer. The ship appeared to be a large oval disc, made of a metal resembling aluminum. It hovered close to the ground, its motors sending out a steady hum. The whole ship glowed with a strange blue light.

Just then a crack appeared in the hull, widened, and a ramp glided out and came to rest on the ground. The sound of the motors faded and the glow dimmed. A handsome man, dressed in a silver metallic suit, appeared on the ramp and moved toward us.

Cannon started to back away and then the man spoke.

"Welcome friends," he greeted us. "Won't you come aboard?"

Cannon looked at me questioningly. I shrugged my shoulders and walked toward the mysterious stranger, my hand extended. He clasped it firmly and, taking me by the arm, led me into the ship. Cannon followed slowly. "Well, now you've seen your saucer," I whispered to him.

The interior of the ship was fantastic. The furnishings seemed to be molded from a strange metallic substance and a warm, rosy glow filled the room. From within, the walls of the ship were transparent, giving a 360-degree view of the surrounding desert. Our host flicked a switch and the ship was filled with soft music. He motioned us to be seated and then



ILLUSTRATED BY ART RILEY

left the room.

Cannon and I stared at each other. His face was blank with amazement. I wondered, now that he was actually in a saucer, how he felt about the excitement of space travel. Did he still think it was the greatest adventure—or was he just scared stiff?

"Cannon, if this man should ask us to go with him—back to wherever he came from—would you accept?" I asked directly.

Cannon did not answer at first. He pondered my question for a moment, then said, "I believe I would. "Wouldn't you?"

Before I could answer, our host reappeared with refreshments. We each took a glass and raised it in a silent toast. Our host looked at me and I nodded. We downed the drink. The host moved across the room toward the instrument panel and pressed a button.

The motors hummed. The ship began to vibrate. Startled, Cannon clutched at his seat. The transparent walls darkened, blotting out the desert. A television screen came into view. On it was a picture of the earth, moving away from us at phenomenal speed.

The host adjusted his instruments, glancing at the television screen above his head. Then he turned to me and saluted smartly.

"Everything is right on schedule, Captain," he said. "We're heading home."



OFFSTAGE





Offstage, the Mouseketeers are much like any group of young people. Above, they enjoy follow-the-leader on the back lot. Left, Doreen takes a fast spin down the studio street on a bicycle borrowed from the traffic department.

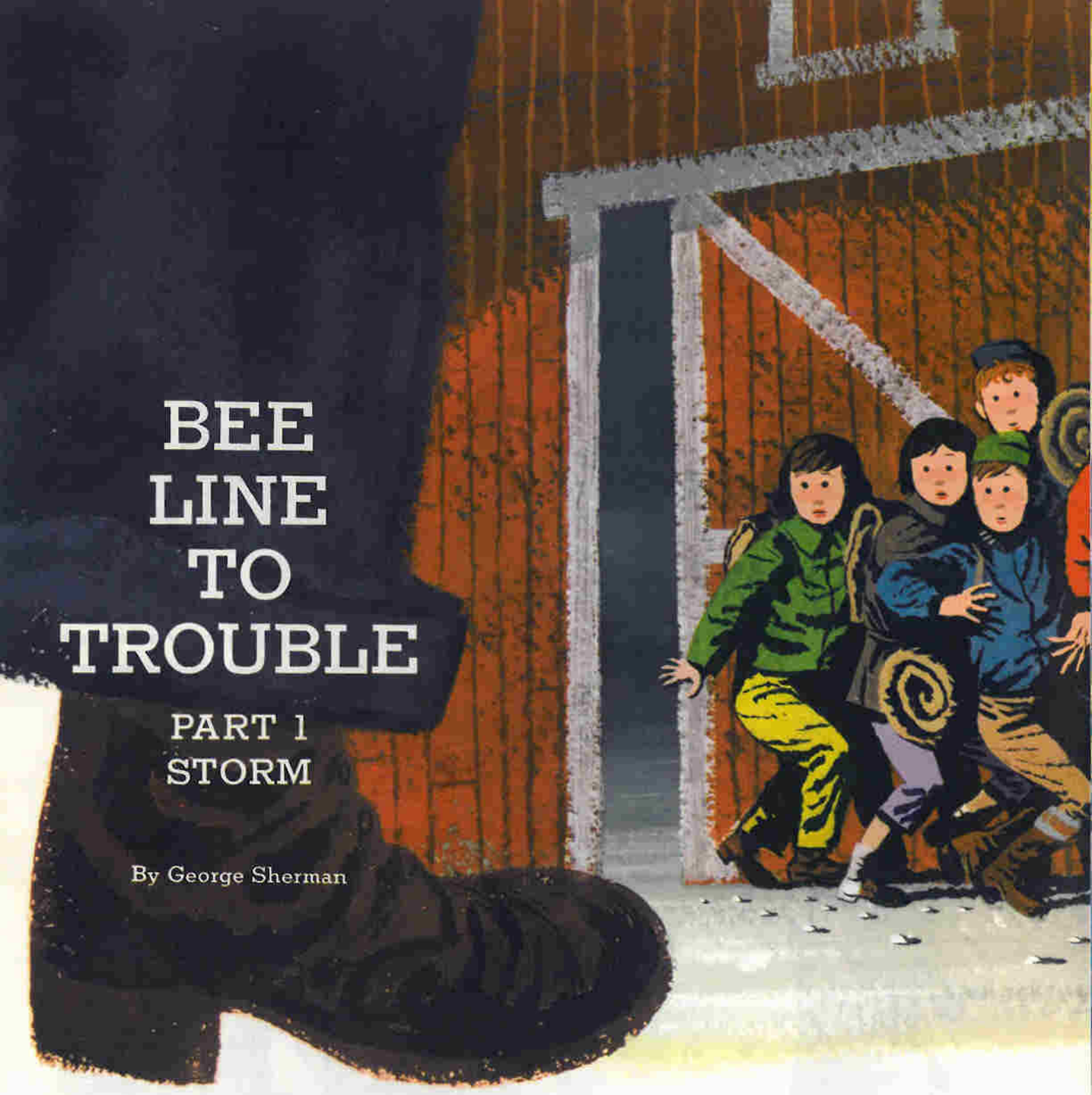


Above, Cubby tries to lock his friends in the Zorro jail. Below, an Irish village on the back lot is a good place for a quiet talk.



Above, Karen and Cubby enjoy the motor scooter, even though they're not allowed to start the motor. Left, in a corner of an unused sound stage, Doreen, Karen, Cubby, Tommy and Darlene catch up on the latest news about television.





BEE LINE TO TROUBLE

PART 1 STORM

By George Sherman

When his big brother arrived, Tommy Collins ran to greet him and in his eagerness nearly twisted his ankle in a gopher hole. "Hey, fella," laughed Judd as Tom hobbled toward him, "that's not getting our hike off to a very good start. You gotta take care of yourself." Judd rumpled Tom's hair.

"I've got the hike all planned," panted Tom. "We got a map and picked out Beaver Lake. And it's gonna be a bee-line hike. And the lake is east of here. And we won't use roads. It'll be exciting. And Gerry's gonna come with us."

"Take it easy now. This is first I've been home all summer—give me a minute to catch up," pleaded Judd as the two walked up the path.

Tom was still talking a typhoon when they reached the front door of the cabin in Alpine Junction, Michigan, where the Collins family was spending the summer. This was the first time Judd had seen the family since June. He had spent the summer counselling at a boy's camp, and soon he would return to state teachers' college for his senior year. During the few days break he had promised to take his twelve-year-old brother Tom on an overnight excursion.

All month Tom had thought about nothing but the hike. Now that Judd was home, the dreamed-about trip would become a reality. To make it even better, Tom's best friend was visiting them. Gerry was a tall, loose-jointed youth with carrot-red hair falling in every direction. The three of them would have a wonderful time hiking to Beaver Lake.

But there was a hitch. Mrs. Collins insisted that Judd and Tom take their sister. Elizabeth was ten and scrawny. Beth in turn wanted to take her friend, Daisy, who was chubby and who sun-



illustrated by BILL BOSCHÉ

burned easily—"she looks like an overripe persimmon, and she's probably an awful camper," thought Tom. He argued about this with his mother, but Mrs. Collins was adamant.

"There'll be no trip," she said firmly, "unless Beth and Daisy go along. Beth has been counting on it. She's been practicing cooking over an open fire. And I don't blame her for not wanting to be the only girl, so you'll have to take Daisy, too."

Sometimes Tommy couldn't understand adults—they just didn't make sense. But there was no arguing with his mother, so Beth and Daisy would have to be included.

Early on the morning of the big day Judd barged out of the kitchen door and shouted, "Come on, let's get a move on."

"Yeah, let's get going," chimed in Tom. He turned to Beth. "You have the most important job, sis. You have the mosquito netting and right in the middle is the bottle of catsup. If you spill any, it'll ruin the whole hike."

Everybody was ready except Daisy, who stood pigeon-toed and confused. Judd came to her rescue. "We'll get your pack ready in no time," he said, bending down to gather her supplies, which included a large assortment of candy bars. As soon as Daisy shoved a nearly forgotten chocolate bar in her pocket, they were ready to leave.

Mrs. Collins came out of the house to bid them good-bye. Judd held the compass in his hand and looked at it closely. Then he pointed east.

"We'll head in that direction," he said. As the band started off, he turned to his mother.

"I'll take good care of them, Ma," he said cheerfully.

"I know you will, Judd," Mrs. Collins answered. "I still wish you weren't taking a bee-line hike."

"It wasn't my idea. Personally, I'd rather stick to the roads. But if Tom wants to cut cross-country, that's fine with me. It's pretty easy going. Low hills, swampland, light forest—that's about all. Nothing tough."

"Well, if you say so. You know about those things, and I don't. I'll try not to worry, but if anything happens please telephone us, and your father and I will come after you with the car."

"Nothing'll happen, Ma. The kids know how to take care of themselves."

Mrs. Collins gave her son a smile. "Good luck, Judd, and we'll be looking for you tomorrow evening."

Judd turned and jogged down the path. Tom, in the lead, pushed his way past overhanging branches and thorny brush. Determined Beth followed. Gangling Gerry was in the middle. Daisy was next; no matter how she shifted her pack, it always seemed to bite into her shoulders, cutting off circulation. Judd brought up the rear. They scaled fences, crossed fields and plunged into the woods.

In a marsh they ran into a slight delay: Daisy fell in. At the edge of the bog the group stopped to hold a conference. Judd suggested circling the swamp to avoid trouble.

The boys agreed, but Daisy and Beth wanted to continue straight ahead.

"What's the point of a bee-line hike if we keep going around things?" complained Beth.

"That's right. Who wants to go around? Are we mice or are we men?" asked Daisy with bravado.

"We still have a long way to go," explained Judd. "If one of you twisted an ankle or sprained an arm making a tricky crossing, it could ruin the whole trip. We might even have to cancel it."

"You think because we're girls we can't do anything!" pouted Beth.

"Is this a bee-line hike or isn't it?" insisted Daisy.

Tom looked at Daisy, grimaced and without a word struck into the marsh.

Lithe and agile, Tom dance-stepped along, often stopping to give the others a hand. He gracefully jumped to a slate shelf on the far side of the swamp and reached to help Beth. Gerry also made it.

And then came Daisy. She missed her footing and twisted backwards. Her knapsack struck the slate rock, pitching her face-forward in the water. She stood up, water sloshing in her shoes, and grabbed for the rock. Her hands were wet, and her grip slipped. Again she went splashing in the muck. With water streaming from her hair, knapsack and bed roll, she scrambled up the bank.

Fortunately the sun was warm, and soon Daisy was dry enough to continue. Only her shoes remained soggy, and rather than wear them Daisy chose to walk barefoot. The band resumed the hike, its spirit almost as damp as Daisy's shoes. She minced gingerly behind Beth, trying to avoid cutting her feet on sharp rocks or needle-like bits of straw.

They ascended a ridge and followed the crest. In a hollow to the right they noticed an old barn, dilapidated and falling apart. Next to it was an equally beat-up farmhouse. They were in strange country, and they didn't know to whom the farm belonged. An overgrown lane led from the farm buildings, presumably to a county road.

"Looks like a deserted old place," mentioned Tom.

"Betcha nobody's been there in years," added little Beth.

Judd scowled. He looked at the peaceful scene and thought, "Something's wrong. I don't know what it is, but there's something wrong with that place." It preyed on his mind as he followed the boys and girls along the ridge, and he couldn't forget it.

Soon they descended. Ahead lay a railroad track, and crossing it they observed rust on the rails. The tracks curved from the south and slanted east in the path of the five hikers.

"Wonder what line this is?" asked Gerry.

"I don't know," replied Judd. "The Pere Marquette serves this area, and it might be an unused spur of theirs."

"Are you sure it's unused?" inquired Daisy.

"If you hear a whistle and strange rumblings tonight," said Gerry, "you'll know it isn't."

"In any case, we won't make camp between the rails," said Tom.

"Can we get off the track?" suggested Daisy. "These rocks and cinders are killing my feet, and if I jump from tie to tie I get greasy old splinters."

"You won't have to go much farther, Daisy. There's Beaver Lake over there," said Judd, pointing to a blue expanse east of the tracks and perhaps a hundred yards from the road bed. On the far side of the lake stood a thick forest, but on the near side lay meadow and marsh.

"I expected trees or shelter of some sort," said Tom, disappointed.

"Frankly, so did I," answered his brother. "I think it would be better if we continued over to the trees."

"Aw no," whined Daisy. "I can't walk another step."

"I'd rather be nearer shelter," stated Judd.

But the boys and girls were tired. "This is a nice wide beach," said Gerry, "and it's sandy. Let's make camp here." The others agreed, and they put down the packs.

The boys gathered sticks and logs for the fire while the girls began to prepare dinner. So efficient were they that Judd had almost nothing to do. He leaned against his bed roll and gazed at the peaceful lake. But he frowned at the thick clouds blowing in from the east.

The dinner was a huge success, due in no small measure to the catsup, which Beth delivered in good shape and used in great quantities on the hamburger. She was commended for her noble action.

"Hope it doesn't rain," said Tommy, washing his tin plate and utensils in the lake.

"Gee whiz yes," joined in Gerry. "We're so far from cover, we'd be soaked clear through before we found a dry spot."

"We'd be even wetter than Daisy," said Beth, giving her friend a good-natured punch in the ribs.

"And I'm tired of being wet," Daisy added. "For sure, let's hope it doesn't rain."

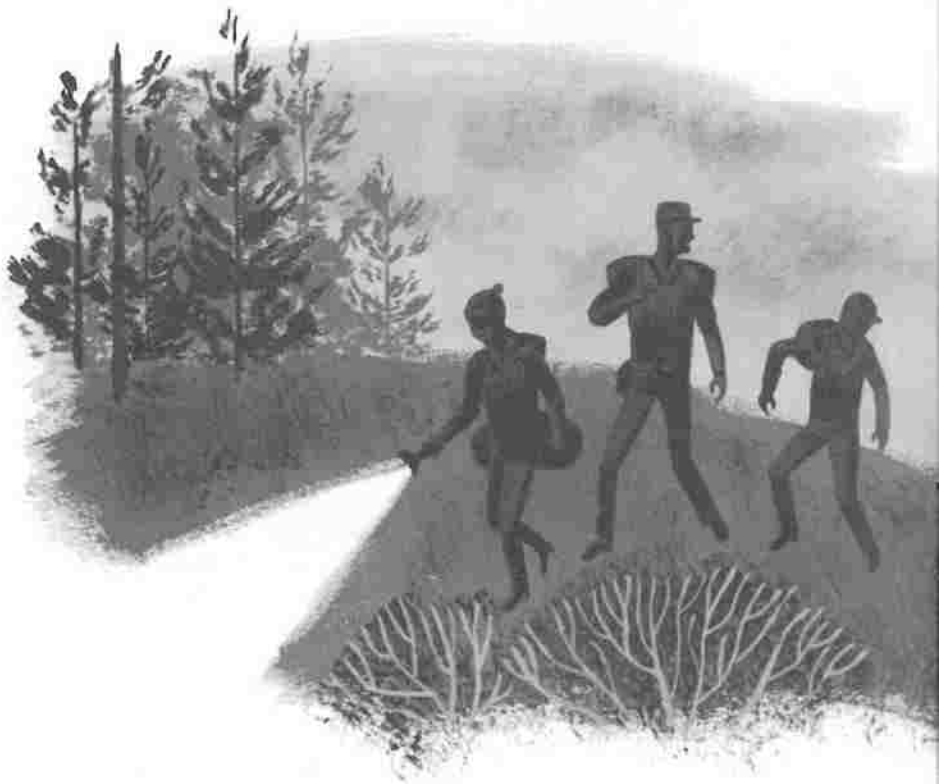
"Maybe we should have tried for the far side of the lake," said Judd to himself.

The fire burned low, and the clouds grew thicker, obscuring the moon and stars. As the boys and girls told stories and sang songs around the smoldering fire, the first few drops of rain fell, hissing as they struck the glowing coals.

Immediately the boys jumped up, rushing to gather their equipment. The rain fell harder, and the drops became larger as the boys and girls shuffled in the darkness, trying to collect clothing and bedding, and hastily tied it together.

"Where will we go?" asked little Beth.

Judd made his decision quickly. "The nearest shelter is the barn back there."



"But that must be half a mile," objected Daisy.

"Not quite that," replied Judd, pulling the straps tight on his pack. "We can make it in a few minutes, but let's face it—we're going to get plenty damp."

Running at a dog trot, the group made its way across the meadow to the railroad and followed the tracks. Tommy, again in the lead, carried a flashlight, and there was no other illumination. Clouds hid the moon, and the friendly squares of yellow light from distant farmhouses were not to be seen in this desolate section of Michigan back country.

They reached the ridge and headed up the embankment. Moving cautiously, they walked along the crest. "The barn should be right over there," called Tom.

"I think so," Judd yelled back. "Follow me and we'll take a look."

Half sliding down the slippery hill, they trooped into the bleak farmyard. Soon they were standing in the barn, its dirt floor rapidly turning to mud as rain poured through the leaky roof.

"I'm going to see if anybody's in the house," said Judd, "and I want you kids to climb up on those bales. Looks like it might be drier over there. Cover yourselves with blankets as best you can."

Taking Tom's flashlight, he made his way across the yard to inspect the house. The front door was locked, and by looking through the windows he could see into the front room. It was empty. At the back door there were no signs of life. He assumed the house and barn to be long-deserted until he flashed his light through the kitchen window.

He was wrong. On the kitchen table were a coffee pot, sugar cubes and a paper carton of cream. Two cups and saucers lay on the table in front of two wooden chairs. Between them were a small portable radio and a Coleman stove. On the shelf behind the table were a can of coffee and an old kitchen clock, which registered the same time as Judd's watch, 9:10. He tried the kitchen door and window; both were locked. Methodically he worked his way around the yard. He looked for tire tracks, but he could find none. He flashed the light down the road, but because of the steady rain he could see only a few yards. Returning to the house, he tested the front

door and windows again, and then he went around back. He looked at the kitchen clock. It read 9:15.

The clock was running! It was an old-fashioned model, the type that runs down after twenty-four hours. Somebody had been there either last night or today. Then he remembered what was wrong with the peaceful farmhouse that afternoon. Dust. At the time there had been no wind, yet there had been dust in the farmyard. Perhaps the owners had left the house moments before the hikers appeared, and the dust from the car still hung in the quiet afternoon air.

Judd shivered, partly from the strange house and partly from the chill wind that whipped the biting rain through the hollow. He was puzzled as he returned to the barn. He debated telling the campers that they were trespassing and they must move on, perhaps to find



a thick grove of shelter trees. But as he approached the barn he saw that they had fanned out to seek dry spots among the bales of hay.

Tom explained, "You were gone such a long time, Judd, that I told Gerry and the girls to start hunting for dry spots to sleep. Was that all right?"

"Sure, I guess so, Tommy," answered his brother.

There were numerous holes in the roof, and the resulting downpour made staying in the barn somewhat akin to living in a cold shower bath. Pools of rain water formed on the dirt floor.

"Looks like the swamp we fell in," commented Daisy.

"*You* fell in," corrected Beth. "Where do you get this *we* stuff?"

Tom was pulling some hay out of a far corner to make himself a bed, when he exclaimed, "Holy Gee!"

"Don't swear," said Judd. "What's the matter?"

"Shine the light over here. I think I found something."

They crowded around Tom, who had opened a large trunk half-hidden by the hay. Everybody was peering inside.

"Hey, now," said Judd. "Whoever owns this farm, that's his private property, Tom. You have no right to poke through his belongings."

"I know, but look," persisted his brother. He held up a silver teapot "If you had a farm, would you keep something like this in the barn?"

"I might," replied Judd. "It's probably a family heirloom. Now shut that trunk and leave it alone." He was beginning to lose his temper.

"But look," demanded Tom. "This has a fancy W engraved on it, and this"—he held a gold cigarette lighter—"has the initials GPC." He paused and proclaimed, "I bet these things have been stolen!"

Judd stopped to consider the situation. He watched the excited boys and girls as they pawed through the large trunk. They came up with silver water pitchers, teapots, forks, knives, spoons, china, watches, rings, bracelets and assorted bits of jewelry.

"All right, knock it off," he said. "Here's the deal: This place isn't deserted. Somebody lives here. And he's been here within the last day, because the old wind-up clock is still running. It's possible that the owner is a thief, maybe from Detroit, who has hidden his loot here."

"But why way up here?" asked Gerry.

"It's not a bad place. The farm is secluded. Away from roads. We'd never have found it, if we hadn't been taking a bee-line hike. It's hidden from the railroad. Even if somebody did come rummaging through here, he'd take a long time before he found this stuff in the barn. If we hadn't been looking in the corner for a dry place to sleep, we wouldn't have found it. Seems to me this is an ideal place."

"That figures," agreed Tommy.

"What are we going to do?" asked Beth.

"Leave," said Judd with determination. "Whoever has this stuff certainly won't want us here, and we could get hurt if he found us."

"It's almost stopped raining," Daisy informed them. However, a fine drizzle continued to fall.

"It's dry enough for us to travel," said Judd, "and I suggest we get away fast. We better find the nearest road and get the sheriff. He'll want to know about this. In the meantime, Tom, put the stuff back in the trunk and pile hay over it. We don't want anybody to know we've been here."

"What's that?" gasped Gerry.

They were silent, and the humming of a motor could be heard in the distance. From the grinding of gears, a car was evidently having a rough time driving up the sticky dirt road.

"Quick," urged Judd. "Get your things together and let's pull out of here." They hurried to gather their equipment.

"What's the matter, Daisy? What's taking you so long?" said Judd.

"Can't find my sleeping bag. It's so dark, I can't find a darn thing," she complained.

"Forget the sleeping bag. Let's go."

Tom, standing by the barn door, warned, "I can see the car lights. They're getting closer."

"Hurry!" yelled Judd.

"Just a minute," answered Daisy. "I think it's over here—"

She found her bag, and the five campers ran from the barn door as the big station wagon turned in the gate. Powerful twin headlights froze the group in its tracks.

A large hulk of a man got out of the car. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

To Be Continued





SHERLOCK DUCK and the MASTER CRIMINAL

THE Master Criminal struck! Then, cleverly disguised, he boarded a tramp steamer bound for Europe. But Sherlock Duck (who sometimes uses the name of Donald) was hot on the trail. The crime was so big, so important, that nobody but Donald knew what it was. Even now we cannot tell you what took place. We can only say that if the crime went unsolved, eleven governments would collapse, eight nations would be bankrupt, and one continent would be swallowed up by the sea.

There was only one clue: a crust of bread. From this, Donald deduced that the Master Criminal liked to eat. Donald and his three assistants —Huey, Dewey and Louie—set out to find their man. They hoped to locate the Master Criminal by searching the world and looking for people who enjoyed eating.

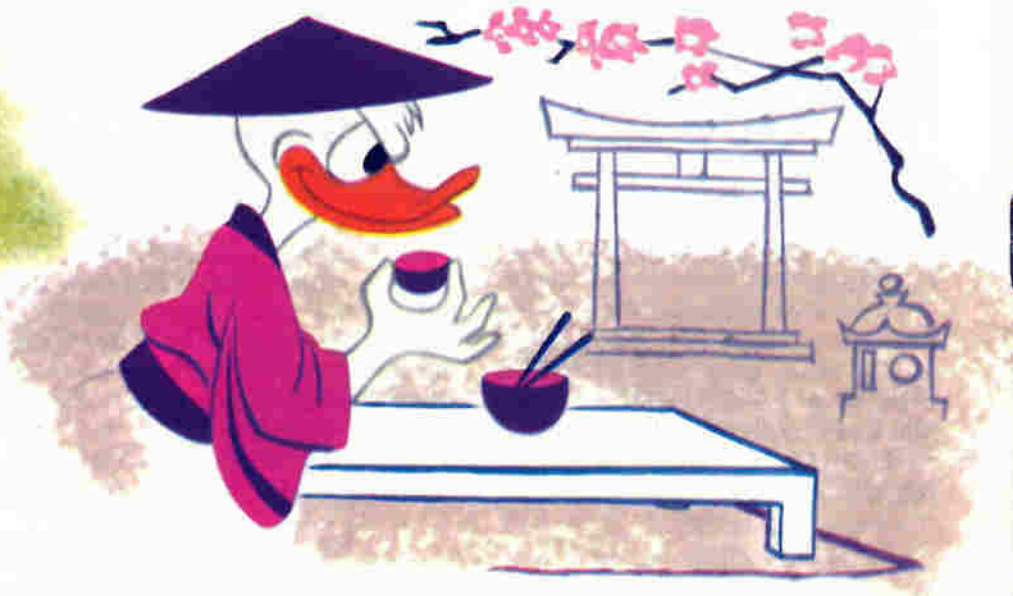
Donald went first to London, where a suspect with a bushy beard and a monocle told him, "You must have some mutton and bully beef. All Englishmen love it." But Don took one look at the steaming stew pot and decided to leave for France.

In Paris, Donald met a smiling Frenchman with a thin mustache and a beret. "Have some frogs' legs and snails," offered the Frenchman. "All of us...ah...we like zee romance and zee frogs' legs."

He hopped away, leaving Donald to hop a plane for Germany. There a big-shouldered man with a shock of black hair shoved a plate of spaghetti at Donald. "Here, have some spaghetti," he said. "We Germans eat nothing but spaghetti. It's our national dish." But Donald didn't have time. He hurried on.

In Moscow he met not one, but *two* suspects. They worked as a team. Handing Donald some caviar, they said, "All we Russians eat it. Have some." But Donald declined. Wrapping another scarf around Huey, Dewey and Louie, he made tracks for







the south and a warmer climate.

A tall Indian wearing a turban and carrying a basket (with a cobra inside) had dinner with Donald in Calcutta. He suggested lamb currie. "We all eat currie here," he said.

Lastly, Donald visited Tokyo, where he sipped rice wine and ate sukiyaki with chop-sticks. His host wore a kimono and sat cross-legged at a low table. Donald wondered if *this* were the criminal.

Returning to the United States, Donald drove home along Highway 66. He met a sinister-looking character in a black leather jacket. The man suggested Donald join him for a hamburger. "IguessallAmericanslike hamburgers," he slurred. Donald eyed him suspiciously.

Back home at last, Donald sat down and reviewed the evidence. He had eaten in many countries with many people. But wait! On one occasion he had not eaten a dinner that represented the correct country. The Master Criminal had erred and tripped himself up!

"Come on, boys," Donald shouted, grabbing his magnifying glass. "We're going to..."

"You're going no place, Duck!" It was the Master Criminal. He had entered silently and was pointing a wicked-looking revolver at Sherlock Duck. "I knew I'd made a mistake, and I followed you. I knew that sooner or later you would detect my blunder. You're the only one who knows me, Duck, so prepare to d..."

He got no further. Huey, Dewey and Louie jumped on the Master Criminal. After a short, fierce fight he was overcome by the nephews. After pinning his arms and tying his legs, they pulled off his mask.

Huey, Dewey and Louie said,

"Why, Unca' Donald..."

"the Master Criminal..."

"is none other than..."

Do you know who the Master Criminal is? The answer is on page 42.







ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN

by Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran



These pages are called the *Anything Can Happen* pages and what they prove is—they prove that anything can happen. Like one day I decide that I don't really want to be an actor or a policeman when I grow up, I want to be an editor. So I ask the editor of the magazine how to be an editor and he says if I want to give it a try I can be "visiting editor" for this issue. So I say sure, what does a visiting editor do? It turns out a visiting editor sits in the editor's office for a while and answers the telephone, which rings a lot, and runs the typewriter and reads the mail and picks out the stories and things that go in the magazine. I picked out the stories for these pages—well, they're not really stories, they're jokes and puzzles and stuff like that because that's what I think should go in the magazine. I hope you think so, too.

MOOCHIE.

MY FAVORITE JOKES AND RIDDLES

Jerry: How do you know the cow jumped over the moon?
Jill: By the milky way, silly!

Him: Your cat is awfully small.
Her: That's because I feed him condensed milk.

What lives in a fur coat all summer and a bathing suit all winter?
Answer: A moth.

What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?
Answer: Time to have it fixed.

Joe: It's raining in my head.
Moe: You're crazy!
Joe: No, but I have a brainstorm.

Did you hear about the cabbage, the tomato and the water having a race? The cabbage was ahead at first, the tomato tried to ketchup and the water just kept on running.

Round as an apple,
Deep as a cup,
All the king's horses,
Can't pull it up.
What is it?
Answer: A well.





Here I am being a visiting editor. The typewriter was very slow—at least, it was very slow for me. But the telephone rang a lot and there were loads of letters.

TRICKS I LIKE

A good trick is if you can draw these glasses without lifting your pencil from the paper or crossing any lines or going over any lines twice. Start at A and end at B. If you can't figure this out, turn to page 42 and see how it's done.



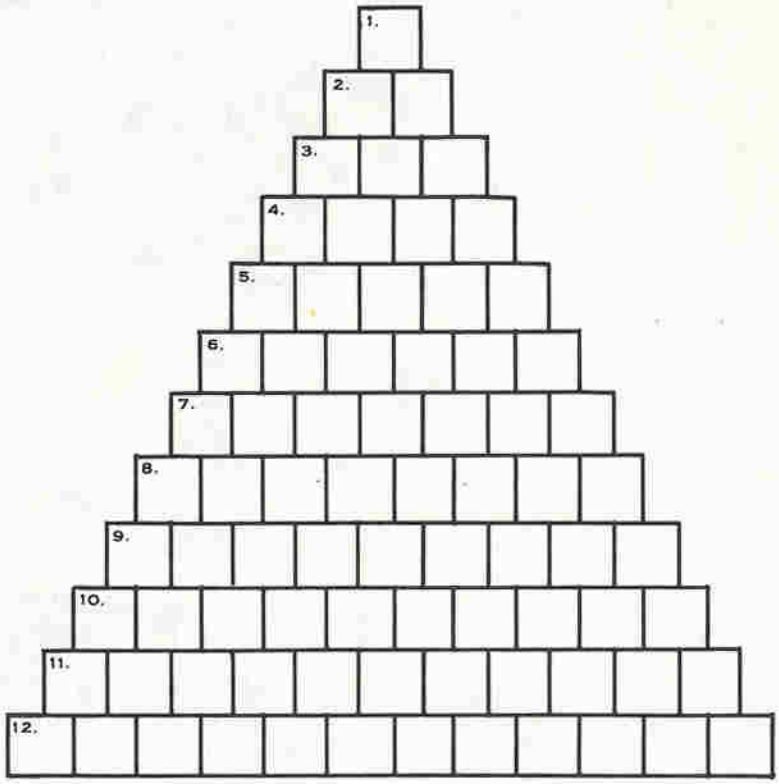
Another good trick is to get a whole bunch of people, like six or eight, all together and give each one a crayon. All the crayons have to be different colors. Then turn your back and put your hands behind you and ask to have somebody put a crayon in your hand. Say that you can tell what color the crayon is even though you're holding it behind your back. They won't believe you, but it's real easy. You just hold the crayon in your left hand and scrape a little bit of wax off it with your right thumbnail. Then you put your right hand up to your eyes as if you're thinking hard, and you can see the color of the wax under your nail.

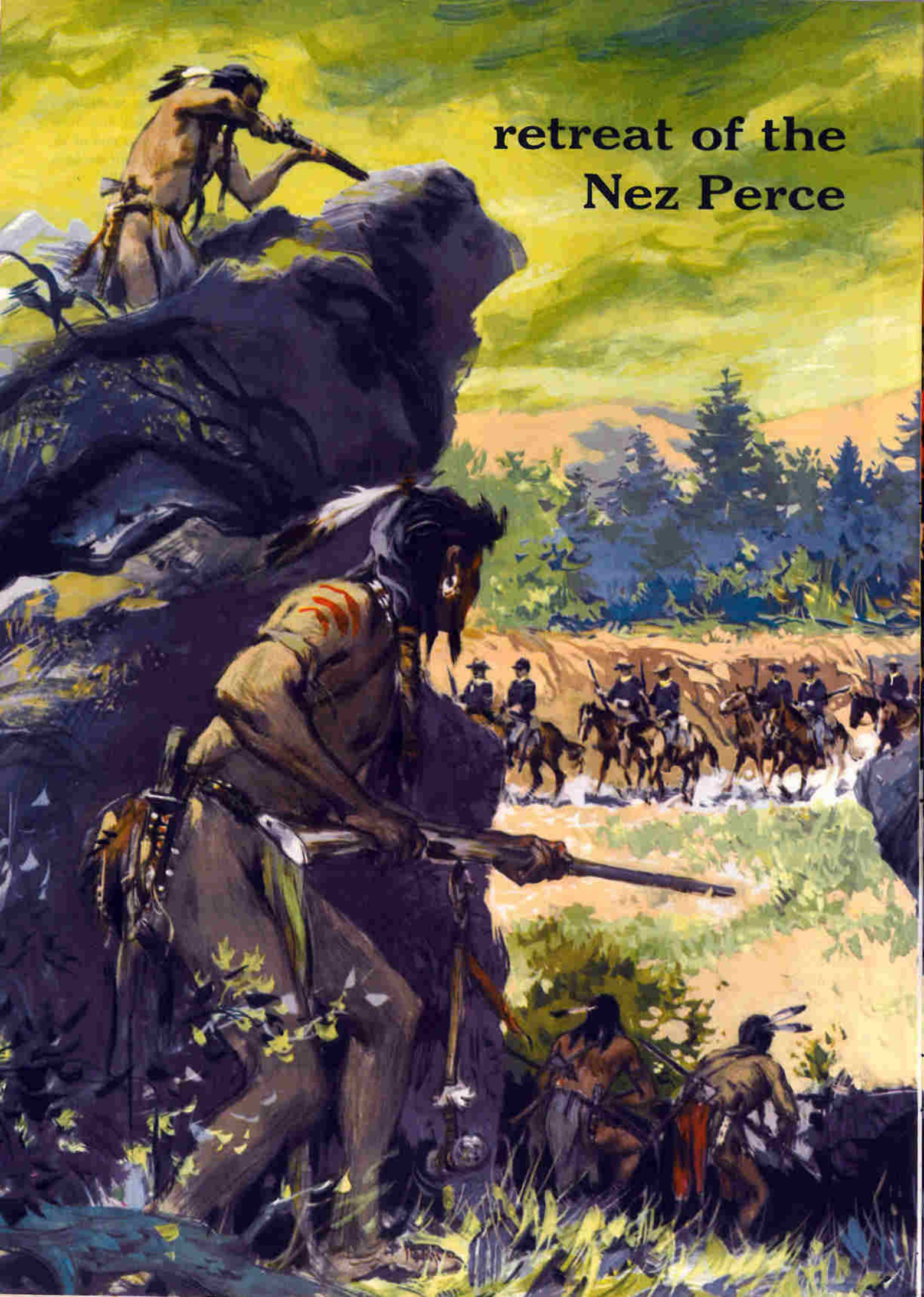
HOW TO BUILD A PYRAMID

You can make a pyramid just with words. This puzzle was sent in by Anita Barbara Chesses who lives in Baltimore, Maryland. The clues you need are here, and the answer is on page 42.

Clues

1. First letter in name of a club.
2. In a famous movie, pirates tried to capture the ship *Hispaniola*. The title of the movie has two words. What is the first letter of each word?
3. Network on which the Mickey Mouse Club is presented.
4. Figaro would love to get her.
5. Snow White kept house for how many dwarfs?
6. ------ Bell, pixie in Peter Pan.
7. Nickname of Kevin Corcoran.
8. Davy Crockett's cap was made of what?
9. Whenever he told an untruth, his nose grew longer and longer.
10. This is both a television show and an amusement park.
11. You have fun watching him five times a week.
12. Girl who knew Peter Pan (two words).




retreat of the
Nez Perce



Residents of the brawling frontier town of St. Louis, Missouri, were surprised one day in 1836 to see four Indians calmly walking down the main street. The Indians were members of a tribe called Nez Perce *(nay pair-say)*, and they had come from the Pacific Northwest—2,000 miles away—seeking someone to tell them of the Book of the Great White Spirit. Missionaries answered the call, went to the Pacific Northwest to teach the Bible, and for 40 years the Nez Perce lived in peace with the settlers.

Originally the tribal lands lay between the Blue Mountains of Oregon and the Bitterroot Mountains that form the spine between Idaho and Montana. At first the Nez Perce lived like their cousins in California—on roots and vegetables dug from the ground. Camas, a bulbous root like a tulip, was dug up, roasted in pits, pounded into mush, then baked into loaves of bread. Wild carrots, wild berries, sunflower seeds, lichens, the inner bark of trees and pine nuts were other staples in their diet. When salmon choked the streams in spawning season, the Indians ate the fish, or dried it and pounded it into meal.

About 1700, when horses were introduced, the Nez Perce became thorough-going horse Indians and took on many characteristics of the Plains Indians. They bred Apalousian horses which they traded to the Blackfeet and Crow. They grew rich. By the time the white man arrived, they were an important tribe.

They hunted buffalo and deer, whose hides they tanned for clothing and robes. Both men and women wore long hair. The men wore leggings, a breechcloth, shirt and blanket, usually made of deer, elk or buffalo skins. The women dressed in long, loose gowns made of skin. Their houses were cone-shaped dwellings called teepees, made of poles covered with skins and robes.

One of their favorite hunting tricks was to let wild gourds or other round objects float downstream to a place where ducks were feeding. When the ducks were used to seeing the gourds float harmlessly by, an Indian would put a gourd over his face and swim out among the birds. He would pull down the feet of a duck and drown him quickly and silently so as not to frighten the others. This trick could be worked on the same flock many times.

When gold was discovered in western Idaho in the 1860's, the reservation was over-run by the white people. The town of Lewiston, first capital of Idaho, was laid out on Indian land. A treaty of 1863 restricted the hunting grounds of the Nez Perce.

Nez Perce chiefs in the Wallowa Valley in eastern

Oregon signed a treaty with the United States giving the government the valley. That is, some chiefs signed, but not Chief Joseph. In 1876, as Chief Joseph's father, Old Joseph, was dying, he said to his son, "My body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother."

But within a year after Old Joseph's death, General Howard told the Nez Perce to leave the valley. It was a hard decision, but Joseph decided to heed the words of the white man and go to a reservation in the state of Washington. He asked only for more time. The stock had to be rounded up, and the swollen rivers made travel difficult.

General Howard refused. The saddened, heartsick Indians struck camp and left their lovely valley.

Crossing the Snake River, where a rushing torrent gushes out of Hell's Canyon, was a difficult chore at best. Joseph had to move not only his braves, but also horses, cattle, teepees, the old people of the tribe, the squaws and the babies. By building huge rafts and pushing them across the river with swimming horses, Joseph was able to bring his people across the Snake without losing a single life. Some stock, however, was left on the near side to graze. During the night, white raiders drove off some of the stock. In the stampede that followed, most of the remaining animals drowned in the river.

Perhaps it was this stampede that kindled the spark of war. Perhaps it was fierce words spoken by old medicine men in the council. No one really knows. But two young braves went forth from the tribe to kill and plunder, and when they returned Joseph knew he would be at war with the United States. General Howard would send troops to fight and bring the tribe under control.

Hastily, Joseph moved his people to the mouth of White Bird Creek. On June 16, when General Howard arrived, the chief was ready for him.



Joseph placed his warriors around the canyon rim. There were 70 braves to fight 98 soldiers. A small force of braves spread along the canyon floor to lure the troops into the canyon. When the cavalry formed battle lines and charged, Joseph's men opened fire from the sides.

The cavalry was surrounded in the canyon. Most of the soldiers were under fire for the first time. They were confused and afraid. More than 30 were killed in the battle.

Joseph knew that now he would have the entire United States Army fighting him. He had to retreat. His first thought was the Crow Indians. He and the Crow were friendly; they often fought together against the Blackfeet. If Joseph could get to Montana, he would find support from his friends.

The only way through the Bitterroot Mountains into Montana was the high and rugged Lolo Pass. It was little more than a seldom-used path, and the United States general did not think Joseph would dare try it. But the Indians knew the country. They knew how to find food where a white man would starve. Joseph headed for Lolo Pass.

But General Howard was between the Nez Perce and the pass. To get around him, Joseph led the general into another trap. He let the army scouting parties see a rear guard on one side of Clearwater Creek. The general, assuming this was the entire Nez Perce tribe, ordered 400 troops to the location, along with a gatling gun and a howitzer. The Indians carefully allowed the troops to march onto a flat, open plateau above the creek. As the white men marched, the Indians silently piled boulders into barricades, or dug fox holes. Suddenly General Howard, one of the ablest generals in the Civil War, found himself surrounded by barricaded riflemen and cut off from a water supply. The Indians even captured the big guns, but they could not turn them on the troops. They did not know how to use them.

On the second day of the battle a group of daring soldiers recaptured the artillery pieces and began firing on the Indians. The Nez Perce braves withdrew and the siege was broken. But it had achieved its purpose: it had given the Nez Perce tribe time to get a big lead on the trip through the Bitterroots.

Climbing Lolo Pass was torture. The trail disappeared amid narrow ravines. Tall, slender pines grew close together and windfalls barred the way. But the squaws handled the pack horses and somehow led them through the maze of trees. Many beef cattle did not survive; some horses were left behind. But most of the Indians succeeded in making the trip without casualty.

However, General Howard had telegraphed to Captain Rawn at Fort Missoula. Rawn was waiting, with 35 soldiers and 200 volunteers, at the foot of Lolo Pass. To storm the barricade would be impossible, so Joseph sent a messenger to talk with the captain.

The talk was not successful, and next day Rawn prepared for a fight. All morning war-whoops filled the air and a few rifles were fired. But nothing happened. The Indians did not attack.

Later in the day the captain discovered that the Indians, with their squaws, their babies, the elders, their animals, baggage and teepees, had

somehow made their way down a steep canyon wall and by-passed the barricade. The Nez Perce were behind the captain and continuing on their way. Once again Joseph had out-witted the United States Army.

At the Battle of Big Hole, an overconfident Joseph suffered a stunning defeat. In the dead of night soldiers crept up on the sleeping Indians. At dawn they attacked. Within 20 minutes the encampment was a smoking ruin. Eighty Nez Perce—50 of them women and children—were dead. Quickly, Joseph regrouped his forces and held off the soldiers for two days while the tribe buried its dead, rounded up stray horses and prepared to move on.

A few days later, Joseph got his revenge. Grouping his horsemen in ranks of four, like cavalry, he rode toward the Army camp at Camas Meadow. At first the sentry believed the Indians were a returning scout party. By the time he realized his mistake, Joseph's men were raiding the camp.

With General Howard hot on his trail, the wily Joseph used yet another trick. In Yellowstone Park he sent several young men down the Shoshone River (then called Stinking Water) to a sandy plain. There they tied clumps of sagebrush to their horses and rode along, stirring up lots of dust. Seeing the dust, the general assumed the Indians were marching in that direction. By the time he discovered the trick, the Nez Perce were well on their way north.

They were in Crow country now, and they hoped the Crows would join them in their fight against the United States. But the Crows had signed a treaty to fight *with* the Army. Instead of traveling among friends, the Nez Perce found themselves in enemy territory.

The retreat became more miserable, with General Howard close on the rear and Crow war parties constantly skirmishing along the flanks. Chief Joseph had to think not only of his warriors, but also of the women and children, horses and stock. He headed for Canada, as Sitting Bull had done, to seek refuge. His fighting force was 135 men, but he was responsible for over 400 women and children. Once across the border, the tribe could stop, make camp and rest.



Bravely, Joseph and the Nez Perce made their way toward Canada. At last Joseph felt they were safe. He stopped the retreat and made camp.

But here Joseph made a tragic mistake. Instead of crossing the border, he had stopped about 30 miles short of Canada. He was in the Bearpaw Mountains, still in Montana. Colonel Miles had cut in diagonally from the east and was in front of Joseph. General Howard was close behind, and on the flank was General Sturgis. Though the battle was hopeless for the Nez Perce, it lasted two days before Joseph surrendered. He had covered 1500 miles of wilderness trails.

In his message to General Howard, Joseph said: "I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

At first Joseph was sent to Oklahoma, in direct violation of the treaty agreement. But later he was returned to Colville Reservation in Washington, not far from the Wallowa Valley he loved. By the time he died in 1904 his fame had reached far and wide, and the whole world had come to respect him as a great general and a proud leader of his people. And before he died he had an interview with another soldier—an admirer of Joseph's leadership—President of the United States Theodore Roosevelt.

THE SECRET OF SAN RIO

by Julius King, Jr.



Chapter III...
The Letter of Fray Alcado

illustrated by HERB RYMAN

Jerry Patterson, a boy of 13, and his father learn that there is a ruined Spanish mission near a bubbling spring on their Florida property. There is also a skeleton in an ancient Spanish boat at the bottom of a small lake adjoining the spring. These relics were shown to the Pattersons by Jim Falconer, whose daughter Ann saves Jerry from a cottonmouth moccasin. Jerry and his father decide to open a resort called San Rio Springs after the name "San Rio" inscribed on the doorpost of the old mission.

Ann Patterson shows Jerry a weed-choked channel, Hyacinth Run, which connects the San Rio with Palmetto Creek. This creek is part of a thriving rival resort owned by unscrupulous Jacob Fox, who is planning to prevent the Pattersons from opening San Rio Springs. Dr. Parks, a professor, visits the Pattersons and confirms their belief that the mission and skeleton are genuine Spanish relics. When Ann reports that Fox is building something behind a fence at Palmetto Creek, Jerry and Falconer pay a night visit to see what Fox is up to. Before they can discover anything, they are surprised by guards posted near the fence. As they try to escape in the darkness in their canoe, a gun roars close behind them.

The flash of the gun showed that it was deliberately fired into the air. Apparently Fox wanted to show Jerry and Falconer that they couldn't get away. Jerry's heart sank, but Falconer said nothing. Instead he steered the canoe straight for the opposite bank. The black mass of trees and undergrowth loomed up ahead of them.

"Duck!" gritted Falconer.

Jerry lowered his head and braced himself for the crash that would come when the canoe bumped shore. But instead of a crash, there was a scraping of branches and Jerry's face was roughly brushed by leaves and twigs. The canoe passed right into the solid jungle.

"Little creek in here," explained Falconer. "Keep paddlin'."

In unbelievable blackness, the canoe continued to move forward. There were no sounds of pursuit—only distant yells and two more shots from the gun.

"I think we can get through all right," Falconer encouraged, "but it's mighty dark in here, isn't it?"

Jerry agreed, as a low-hanging branch dealt him a stinging blow on the forehead. The tiny stream narrowed until, in some places, it was only a few inches wider than the canoe. Every few minutes the craft scraped bottom or stuck tight, and had to be forced along by main strength.

"We stepped right into it, didn't we?" panted Jerry.

"I guess we did just what Fox figured we would," Falconer admitted. "We should have known he'd have someone watching for us."

"Whatever he's got there, he doesn't want anybody to see it," Jerry said.

Suddenly the canoe pushed through a screen of brush and emerged into a river. The current came from the left. Jerry scratched his head.

"Is this the San Rio?" he asked.

"No," chuckled Falconer. "We're back in Palmetto Creek, about a mile below where we started. Listen!"

From far upstream, angry voices drifted down to them.

"They're trying to figure out where we went," Falconer laughed. "Come on. Let's head for home."

* * *

The next day, Mr. Patterson went to Anastasia Island to order the coquina blocks for the mission wall. He returned to San Rio happy, but slightly puzzled. "We aren't the only ones with big orders for coquina," he told Jerry. "The plant manager said this was his second big order in two weeks for coquina aged to appear about four hundred years old."

As the opening day approached, activity at San Rio Springs became more and more frantic. Falconer worked downstream, making a wide path to the giant cypress. Mr. Patterson, Jerry and Ann put finishing touches on the new buildings near the springs. Dr. Parks, however, remained aloof from the bustle around him. He spent his days in the canoe, staring happily down through the clear water at the armored skeleton in the boat and making extensive notes to be studied later on.

The glass-bottomed boats arrived, and then the shipment of coquina blocks. When the blocks were put in place, the mission wall stood straight and smooth at last.

Right after breakfast, on the second day before the opening, Jerry took the canoe and paddled off downstream to find Ann. As he passed, he looked briefly at Hyacinth Run. He blinked his eyes. The run was clear . . . no plants blocked it!

A nagging anxiety that turned to chilling dread overcame him. Where had the hyacinths gone? Grimly he paddled downstream, staring ahead.

Around the first bend, he struck a jam of the floating plants. The canoe came to a sudden halt. Ahead, for as far as he could see, the river was a field of water hyacinths that stretched solidly from bank to bank. The San Rio was closed to navigation.

Jerry backed the canoe, spun it around violently, then drove it upstream with angry strokes. He stopped only long enough to tie the craft to the dock and sprinted for the house.

"The river's jammed!" he panted, dashing in through the living room door.

A stunned silence greeted his announcement. Then Jerry noticed that his father and Dr. Parks had been reading the front page of that morning's Orangewood Beacon.

"AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SPANISH FORT AT PALMETTO" screamed the bold headlines across four columns of the newspaper.

"Jacob Fox announces find in exclusive interview"

Jerry bent over the page and read: "Uncovered by Jacob Fox, owner and operator of the highly successful Palmetto Springs, is a coquina fort of undoubted Spanish origin, a feature which will greatly enhance the interest of people in the resort."

Jerry lifted his head. Depression filled the room like a blue fog.

"I almost hate to ask you about the jammed river," Mr. Patterson said at last in a dull voice. "What happened? Is there a log across it?"

"I wish that was all," Jerry said. "It's packed solid with plants torn out of Hyacinth Run."

Clattering footsteps sounded on the porch. It was Ann and Mr. Falconer. They confirmed Jerry's news.

"Fox has fixed us this time," Falconer admitted. "Coming up in the outboard, we found that old leaning palm jammed across the San Rio at a narrow bend. Looked like all the hyacinths in the world were packed behind it. We had to walk up here along the highway."

Suddenly Jerry remembered. "That's what Fox and Melton were talking about the day Ann and I went down by the old cypress," he exclaimed. "Melton said 'It'll work when the time comes.'"

Ann nodded vigorously. "That palm

Jerry and Ann pushed with all their might to break the jam of water hyacinths.





Gomez had tried to save himself by paddling from the mission, but the Indians had gained on the fleeing coward.

was chopped off near the base and wedged across the San Rio to jam the hyacinths."

Ann noticed the newspaper. She motioned to her father, and the two read about the Palmetto discovery.

"So that's what was behind that fence," Falconer breathed. He sat down heavily.

"Oh—who cares about an old fort anyhow?" Ann said bravely.

Patterson smiled. "I'm afraid a lot of people do," he said. "A mission will seem like pretty tame stuff when there's a fort in the neighborhood."

"Especially if it's genuine," agreed Dr. Parks. "I'm interested myself. I'd like to go over and look at it."

"We'd all like to see it," Patterson nodded, "but you'd better go alone. Fox doesn't know you."

"How about the hyacinths in the San Rio?" Jerry asked. "Couldn't we get rid of them by pulling that tree out of the way?"

Falconer shook his head. "Not now. The current is too slow. The bends in the river will hold the plants even if the tree's gone."

"Well," Mr. Patterson said gloomily, "We'll have to postpone our opening."

No one answered him immediately. Then Jerry had a glimmer of an idea.

"Could we get rid of the hyacinths if the current in the San Rio were faster?" he asked thoughtfully.

Falconer nodded. "If it was flowing fast enough, some of us could stay at the bends and hustle the plants along."

"Isn't there any way we can speed up the current . . . just for a little while?" Jerry asked.

Everyone smiled at the suggestion. Suddenly Falconer leaned forward.

"Yes!" he said excitedly. "There is a way!"

He jumped to his feet and started waving his arms. "We can dam up the river till we build up a good head of water. Then we cut 'er loose and whoosh! We get all the current we need. If we clear the river, we won't have to postpone the opening."

Patterson's face fell. "There's still the fort at Palmetto to think about. I guess postponement would be best."

"No, Chris," put in Parks. "Wait until I've seen that fort. Then decide about the opening."

Reluctantly, Mr. Patterson agreed, and Parks drove off in his convertible.

"How will we build the dam?" Jerry wanted to know.

"I have quite a pile of lumber down on Shell Island," Falconer replied. "We can haul a load of it to the palm tree in my boat and make a fairly good dam with it. It'll only have to hold for 15 minutes or so."

Falconer moved quickly then. He rounded up some friends to help and, using old lumber and brush, began work on a dam near the old cypress.

During the furious activity, Dr. Parks returned. He was bubbling with suppressed excitement about something.

"Chris," he said to Mr. Patterson, "You and I had better drive over to St. Augustine right away. There's somebody I've got to see, and I think there's somebody you should see, too."

"Is it about the fort?" Jerry demanded. "What does it look like? Are there lots of people there to see it?"

"It looks lovely; there are crowds of people looking at it," answered Parks with a grin.

"I mean—is it real?" Jerry persisted.

"Oh, it's real all right. I stubbed my toe against the wall, so I know it isn't an optical illusion. Come on, Chris—there's no time to lose."

After Dr. Parks and Mr. Patterson left for St. Augustine, Jerry and Ann went down to Falconer's dam at the lower end of the hyacinth jam. By four in the afternoon, the dam, buttressed against poles shoved into the river bottom and reinforced with brush, was complete except for a small section in the center. As they watched, four men took a bulky panel, almost like a woodshed door, from the far bank of the river and inched it out along the makeshift dam. Soon they had it poised above the opening through which the strong current of the stream had been channeled.

"Shove it down fast!" commanded Falconer. "Now!"

The men forced the panel straight down to the river bottom. The current held it tightly in place across the gap.

"Now let's have the brush," Falconer called.

The rising surface of the river was broken by great splashes as clumps of brush were heaved in on the upstream side of the dam. The brush floated against the dam, making it stronger, more watertight. As they watched, the current pushed at the barrier. Such a volume of water had to find some place to go—and soon. The dam creaked and groaned. The hyacinth field stirred restlessly.

"Let's go!" Falconer urged, as the last of the brush hit the water. Cupping his hands he shouted to the crew on the other bank.

"Three of you get on up the river and somebody stop off at every bend. Andy, you stay here. When these hyacinths start to move, help 'em along all you can."

The men waved, and three hurried off upstream.

"Jerry, you and Ann go to the bend near Hyacinth Run. I'll stand by the strangling fig, and the other two here'll be further downstream."

Falconer looked appraisingly at the dam. "It's holding better than I thought. We'll have about 15 minutes before it busts, I think."

Jerry and Ann started off, making rapid detours around low palmetto, bamboo clumps, cypress knees and

marshy spots. In a few places the rising river had almost overflowed the bank. Soon only Falconer was following them. The other men had dropped off at lower bends. As they passed the strangling fig Falconer waved them on. At last Jerry and Ann reached the bank where a sharp bend in the river cut off their view of Hyacinth Run.

They had barely stationed themselves at the river's edge when the packed hyacinths began to move.

"The dam's burst!" shouted Jerry excitedly. The water level was dropping. The hyacinths drifted downstream, slowly at first, then faster.

Jerry scooped up two long bamboo poles that had fallen from a nearby clump. He handed one to Ann and they began prodding the great mass of water plants moving past their station.

"Look," said Jerry, pointing upstream. "Here come the last of them."

Clear water showed as the upper end of the jam bore down on them.

Suddenly there was a swirling of green and purple plants about ten feet from the bank. A large clump of hyacinths had snagged on a submerged log. In a moment the entire jam pressed against the immobile mass and halted.

The boy and girl poked vigorously at the plants on the near side of the stump. A few of the plants floated free, but the jam still held.

"Got to reach the far side of the stump," grunted Jerry. He thrust his pole to the limit of his reach. It fell just short of the goal.

"Be careful," warned Ann. "The current is still bad."

Jerry looked around frantically. His eyes lit on a hanging vine. Quickly he grasped it, tested its strength with a couple of hard yanks, then, holding it with his left hand, he leaned far out over the water. He jabbed violently at the clump of hyacinths. It quivered, then seemed to disintegrate. The hyacinths moved again, this time detouring the swirling eddy around the snag.

"All clear," shouted Jerry in elation. It was then that the vine in his hand quivered and pulled loose from the branches above.

Jerry hit the murky water with a stunning smack. He struggled to the surface, had one quick glimpse of Ann's frightened face, then was swept away toward the center of the river, around a bend.

He struck out strongly for the left bank, but thousands of hyacinths made the going rough and the current kept ducking him. Suddenly the bank looked closer. Jerry paddled frantically. He was making progress! There were some tangled roots ahead. The strangling fig!

"If I can just grab a root," he gasped.

Closer . . . closer he came, bearing down on the vine with express-train speed. He stretched out a clutching hand toward the roots—and missed!

The roots swept by. Desperately, he grabbed again. This time his cramped fingers closed around a root and held fast. Something hard and cold cut deeply into the palm of his hand.

"Can't hold on long," he thought.

Suddenly strong arms were lifting him out of the water. It was Falconer.

"You're all right now. That was a close one, boy—real close."

Ann appeared on the run. Her hair was mussed and she had a scratch on her check where a vine had caught her.

"Thank heaven," she gasped. "But you're bleeding!"

Jerry looked down at his hand. There was a nasty gash in his palm where he had grabbed the vine root.

"Must have been a thorn," he suggested, his wind slowly returning.

"Couldn't have been," Falconer stated. "Strangling fig doesn't grow thorns. I'll see if I can see anything."



"I write you with tears of sorrow . . ."

He lay flat on the bank and peered down at the root. "Well I'll be . . ." he muttered. "This vine picked up a piece of metal. It looks like . . . it looks like part of a cross."

He straightened up and looked meaningfully at Jerry and Ann. "There's a crucifix caught in that vine!" he said.

* * *

The following morning, Jerry roamed about the house, his muscles still aching from the ordeal of the day before, his hand wrapped in a white bandage. Mr. Patterson and Dr. Parks, their eyes twinkling, refused to tell the boy what they had learned in St. Augustine the day before, but Jerry could see that both men were in high spirits.

About mid-morning a new sedan drove into the lot and two men got out. One, Jerry learned, managed the coquina quarry on Anastasia Island. The other was Robert Ross, curator of old Fort Marion in St. Augustine.

Dr. Parks and Mr. Patterson greeted the men warmly, then Parks said, "We might as well get this thing over with right away."

"Fine," Ross answered. "The sooner the better."

Jerry, still mystified, kept his questions to himself and decided to watch and listen.

"We'll go in my car," said Mr. Moore, the man from Anastasia.

"Wait a minute," Jerry said. "Here come Mr. Falconer and Ann."

The group stood by the car until the two Shell Island residents joined them. When Falconer and Ann had been introduced, Patterson smiled and spoke.

"You two came at just the right time," he said. "How would you like to take a little sight-seeing trip . . . to Palmetto Springs?"

"Palmetto Springs?" Falconer looked startled. Then he noticed that Patterson was grinning. "All right," he agreed. "Why not?"

"What's going on, Jerry?" Ann whispered in the boy's ear.

"Your guess is as good as mine. Dad and Doctor Parks have been acting mysterious all morning."

The drive to Palmetto Springs was a short one. Mr. Moore parked hastily in the lot, and the party quickly boarded a glass-bottomed boat that was getting ready to take three or four people down the river.

The boat trip was made at a leisurely pace and the Patterson party tried to look properly interested as the guide droned on about the clear water, the fish, the birds and the old Spanish fort they were soon to be shown.

"There it is," Jerry said, pointing ahead. He shivered a little, remembering the nightmare visit he and Falconer had paid to this very spot not long before.

The guide moored the boat and led the party over a tanbark path to the clearing where the fort stood. It looked very Spanish and very old, but strangely enough it seemed to be in excellent condition.

As the guide reeled off his memorized speech about Spaniards, Mr. Ross took a book out of his pocket and looked at an illustration in it. Then he looked at the fort, nodded his head, and looked back at the illustration. He seemed very excited.

When the boat pulled up to the dock back at Palmetto Spring, Mr. Patterson spotted a burly figure standing alone at the edge of the parking lot.

"There's Fox," he said softly, and the entire group converged on the owner of the newly-discovered fort.

Fox saw them coming. "Well," he said unpleasantly, "if it ain't the gang from Five Mile Creek."

He suddenly turned pale when he recognized Mr. Moore, the manager of the coquina quarry.

"Mr. Jacobs, I believe," said Moore smoothly.

"Jacobs?" Fox blustered. "You're making a mistake. You've got me mixed up with somebody else."

"There's no mistake," the quarry manager replied. He turned to Patterson. "This is the man who ordered all that weathered coquina from me four months ago," he said. "It had to look hundreds of years old, he said, and it had to be shipped in here at night."

"Say, what is this?" howled Fox. "Get off my property before I throw you off!"

"We're going," said Falconer grimly, "but you've pulled your last trick on us—and on your customers."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Fox shouted as they drove away.

Jerry could hardly contain his excitement. "The fort's a fake," he said wonderingly. "That means . . ."

"That San Rio Springs will be the big attraction around here from now on," smiled Parks. "The Florida Historical Society will send some people up here tomorrow for your opening, too. There'll probably be a story in the papers about how important your place really is."

Mr. Ross cleared his throat. "If I may add a word here," he began, "I think Mr. Moore's testimony about the coquina is most convincing—and this illustration in Thorne's *Military Works of Old Spain* will reveal where the plan for the fort came from. Some time ago, we mailed this volume to a Mr. J. Jacobs, Box 918 in Orangewood. He returned it to us a week or so later. Obviously, he copied this plan which you see here."

Ann bent over the book. "That's the fort at Palmetto!" she exclaimed.

"Fox is an unscrupulous fake," declared Parks. "If you two gentlemen will sign statements for us, I'll have the Historical Society brand this act of his as a fraud."

"Gladly," Ross agreed, while Moore nodded enthusiastically.

After the two men from St. Augustine had left, amid heartfelt expressions of gratitude, Dr. Parks and Jerry wandered down by the mission.

"Did you and your father do any



Dr. Parks began digging seriously.

digging around the walls?" Parks asked.

"Why no," Jerry admitted, "except to get out some fallen blocks."

"It might not be a bad idea," Parks continued thoughtfully. "We might turn up some other relics or even find more of the building's foundation underground."

"You mean, the mission might have been bigger than we think?"

"Perhaps. Or there might have been a basement here."

"A basement!" exclaimed Jerry incredulously. "This bank is limestone. The friars would have had a tough time cutting through that."

"You're probably right," Parks agreed, "but I'm going to get a shovel and poke around inside the walls for a while."

"I think I'll go for a swim," Jerry said. The two strolled back to the house, Parks to get a shovel and Jerry to change into his trunks for his swim.

Ten minutes later, Jerry was poised on the bank above the spring and Parks was beginning to jab with his shovel around the base of the great live oak tree that grew inside the mission walls.

Jerry dove, the cool shock of the water making him grit his teeth momentarily. Then his head broke the surface and he thrashed noisily in the clear spring. He stopped to listen to the faint thudding of Parks' shovel beyond the mission wall. Then, on the spur of the moment, he dived and swam straight for the bottom.

An opening in the bank caught his eye. He swam to it and was staring into its dark depths when a surge from the spring caught him. Before he could stop himself he was swept through the opening, into the blackness of an upward-sloping tunnel beneath the bank.

"I can't hold my breath much longer," he thought frantically. His lungs were nearly brusting. He struggled against the strong current, but it was no use—the tunnel entrance showed as an eerie greenish circle. It looked miles away.

"I've got to breathe . . . I've got to breathe . . . right *now!*" Jerry braced himself for a lungful of water. In despair he inhaled—fresh air!

He had come up into a clear space. He was vaguely aware of stone steps cut in the tunnel's limestone floor. This must be a room under the mission! He heard the faint thud of a shovel overhead. Dr. Parks!

Jerry stood up cautiously. The light from the tunnel faintly revealed a low-ceiling stone chamber, the center of which was filled with massive roots from the live oak above. Against one wall stood a small altar.

"There must be a way out," Jerry reasoned, "a trap door, or . . ."

He felt along the ceiling, pressing one spot after another. In the corner away from the water passage a squarish stone gave slightly when he pushed it. Gathering his strength, he heaved with all his might. The stone groaned and rotated on a rusty center bar, showering Jerry with dirt. Bright sunlight stabbed into the chamber from above.

"Doctor Parks!" Jerry shouted.

Parks' stunned face appeared in the opening to the chamber.

"What . . . how . . . Jerry! Are you all right?" he sputtered in amazement.

"I'm fine," Jerry assured him. "I've found a room down here. There's an altar in it and an underground water passage to the spring."

"Great Scott," Parks exulted. "Stay where you are. I'll get a flashlight."

In a few minutes Parks returned. He dropped through the trap door, and right behind him came Patterson, Falconer and Ann.

Parks' flashlight snapped on and swept over the room. "What a treasure," he breathed, moving to the ancient altar. "The silver crucifix and chalice are still here! This tops any find I've ever seen!"

Jerry peered closely at the cobwebbed, dusty relics. He lifted a flat piece of plaster that had long ago fallen on the altar and heard a dry rustle as he did so. A piece of parchment, thick with dust, lay there.

Parks shone the light on it. "Let me clean it off," he said reverently. He flicked the parchment clean with his handkerchief, then let out a low whistle. "I can read it. It's in old Spanish, naturally. I'll translate as I read."

The others stood in hushed silence.

"It's a letter addressed to the Bishop of Cuba," Dr. Parks began. Then he read:

Your Excellency:

I write in tears of sorrow of the end of the mission of San Rio which your excellency dispatched with the blessing of Holy Mother the Church to the salvation of the Indian natives within the Province of Florida.

For several years our work was blessed with success, but then the excellent and pious Captain Alvarez died of a tropic fever and his place was taken by one Captain Gomez, an arrogant and cruel man.

When his cruelties brought open muttering among the Indians, I remonstrated with Captain Gomez, but to no avail. Our converts left us and reverted to their pagan ways. We were compelled to guard the mission and post soldiers night and day.

At dawn this morning we were surrounded and fiercely attacked. We had no chance to escape the fury of our former Christian brothers. Captain Gomez, seeking to save himself, threw open the doors and rushed from the mission. He leaped into a boat by the bubbling spring and paddled rapidly away. This diversion saved my life, for the Indians rushed in pursuit, or turned their backs on us to watch.

With many paddlers, the Indians easily overtook the captain and killed him. Then they sank the boat to be his coffin.

"The skeleton in the boat!" whispered Jerry, his spine tingling. "It must be Captain Gomez."

Parks nodded and continued translating.

There were but two of us then alive. Fray Fernando and myself, taking advantage of the inattention of our attackers, descended into the secret chamber constructed in the rock beneath the mission. We are awaiting the coming of night and will then attempt to make our way down the river to safety. We shall leave by the spring to which a passage leads and which we originally cut with much labor so we might draw water from inside in case of siege.

We shall take naught with us but the symbols of our calling, our crucifixes. We pray that our Blessed Mother may help us elude the Indians in their great encampment at the base of a huge cypress tree which must have been already old when Our Lord was born in Bethlehem.

Should we safely pass this hazard, we may yet one day kiss your ring again. We are serene in our faith that if we save not our bodies, we shall, if it be God's will, see the glories of the life to come.

Devotedly yours in Christ,

FRAY ALCADO

* * *

There was no sound in the chamber except the quickened breath of the little group gathered about Parks. He himself broke the silence.

"Now we know . . . the secret of San Rio," he said.

"They didn't get past the Indians, did they?" Jerry asked quietly. "It was one of their crucifixes we found in the strangling fig."

"It must have been."

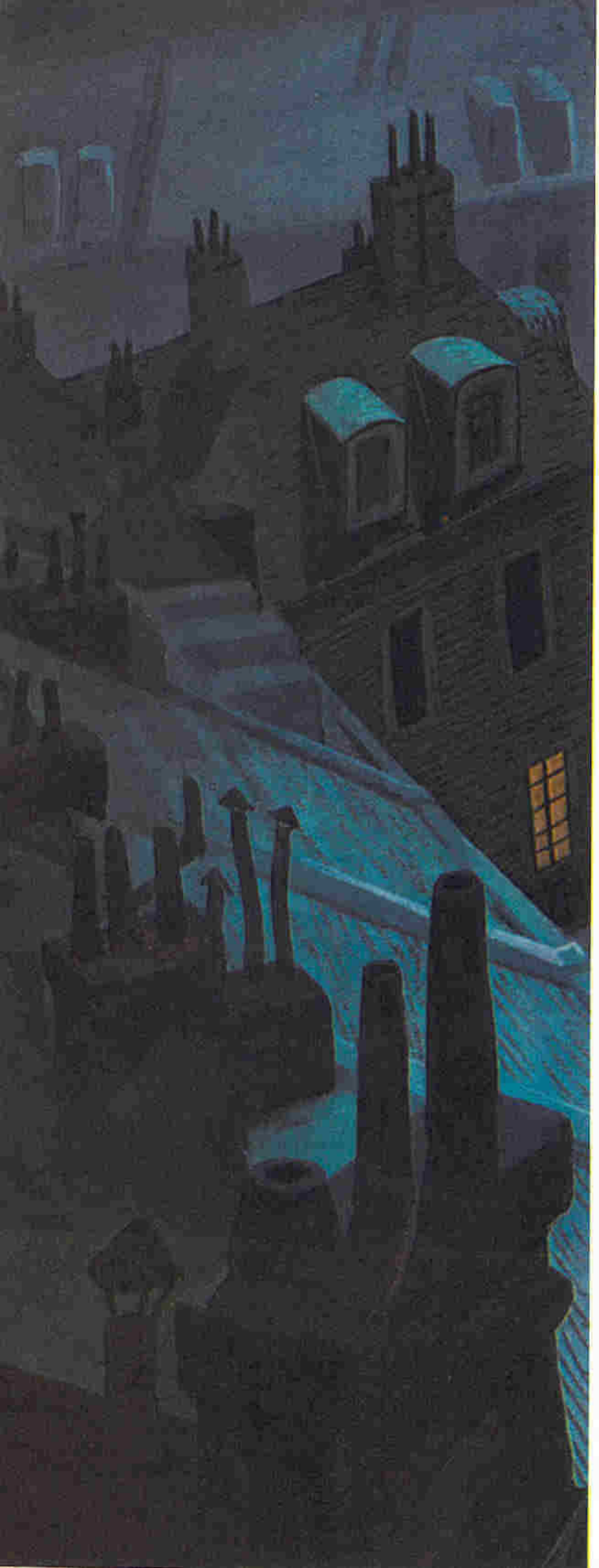
With a start, Ann came back to the present. "Only yesterday we thought there wouldn't be an opening tomorrow," she said. "Now the opening will be more wonderful than we ever imagined."

Jerry nodded and smiled. "All the times we've stood by the mission," he commented, "we never knew that the story of San Rio was hidden—right under our feet." *The end.*

Exhausted and weak, Jerry pulled himself up into a strange cavern—a crypt like nothing he had ever seen before.







is there a PETER PAN?

by George Darling

The author of this article, Mr. George Darling of London, is the father of Wendy, John and Michael Darling, Peter Pan's most ardent supporters. Mr. Darling complains that no one has ever heard his side of the Peter Pan story, and has asked the editors of Walt Disney's Magazine to publish his account of what happened on the night his three children are supposed to have flown away to Never-Never Land.

—The Editors.

Sometimes I think my whole family is just a bit strange. All except me, of course. Oh, at first glance you'd think we were a perfectly normal family. We live in a perfectly ordinary house on a perfectly ordinary street in London. I go to the office every day, as any perfectly ordinary husband and father does, and my wife stays home to take care of the house, as any perfectly ordinary wife and mother does. Very nice, you'll say. Very wholesome. But have you ever heard of any normal family that has a *dog* for a nursemaid?

That's right. A dog! A big, brown St. Bernard. Her name's Nana, and she's our nursemaid. I don't know why we can't have a human nursemaid, like everyone else. I've suggested it a couple of times and my wife always says, "Now

George," in that soothing way that means she has no intention of getting another nursemaid, and all the children say "Poor Nana" as if I were some kind of a monster who had beaten the dog. And Nana just ignores me and goes on tucking the children in or giving them their tonic as if I'd never said a word.

And then there's that business about Peter Pan. My wife Mary believes in Peter Pan, for heaven's sake! And my daughter Wendy believes in Peter Pan. And my sons John and Michael believe in Peter Pan. He's supposed to be some kind of spirit of youth, they tell me, and he lives in a place called "Never-Never Land" and he fights pirates and Indians and he can fly like a bird and his constant companion is a pixie called Tinker Bell. Now I ask you, have you ever heard such nonsense?

One night I decided to put a stop to all this. I mean—a man can stand just so much. So I tied Nana up out in the back garden (that's where dogs belong, isn't it?), told the children to forget about Pan, and took my wife out to dinner. Mary carried on all evening as if something terrible might happen to the children because Nana wasn't in the nursery with them. Why, we had to hurry home just as soon as we'd finished eating because she was so nervous about it. But it turned out perfectly all right. The children were there and they were fine—all except Wendy, who had fallen asleep on the window seat instead of in bed.

I thought that I'd made my point and settled all this



Not many people have a dog for a nursemaid.



Peter and Captain Hook fought all over the ship . . .

Nana-Peter Pan business once and for all, when Wendy woke up and told the most remarkable story—and I knew we were right back where we started.

"We had a wonderful adventure," Wendy said. "Peter Pan and Tinker Bell came and sprinkled us with pixie dust, and we flew."

"Flew?" I said. "Poppycock!"

I must have said it too loud, because I woke Michael and John.

"It's true," Wendy said. "It's not poppycock at all. We all flew, straight out the window and over London and past the second star to the right, straight on till morning. And then we came to Never-Never Land."

"Aha," said I. "Never-Never Land."

"Yes," said Wendy. Michael and John chimed in at this point.

"We lived with Peter and the lost boys in their house under the old tree stump," said John.

"And we went huntin' Indians," said Michael. "Only the Indians caught us instead of us catchin' the Indians."

"But Peter saved us," Wendy went on. "He rescued the Indian Princess Tiger Lily when Captain Hook marooned her near Skull Rock, so of course the chief was very grateful."

"The chief made us all Indian braves," said John. "But Wendy had to be a squaw."

Wendy tossed her head and looked annoyed, but only for a minute. "We were going to come home then," she



. . . until Hook dared Peter to fight without flying.

said, "but Captain Hook captured us. He wanted the boys to sign up and be pirates for him. When they wouldn't he was going to make us all walk the plank. But Peter rescued us again."

"Well, bully for Peter," I said. "What did he do?"

"He fought Captain Hook all over the ship," Wendy answered. "Up and down the deck and over the cabin and finally way up on top of the mast. Captain Hook dared Peter to fight him without flying, and Peter did. He beat him, too."

"What was Peter fighting with?" I asked, my head spinning. "His fists?"

"Oh, no Daddy," Wendy answered. "You never fight pirates with your fists. They were fighting with swords!"

"Of course," I said. "With swords. How stupid of me."

"Peter made Captain Hook say 'I'm a codfish' several times. He was going to let him go, then, but Captain Hook tried to trick Peter. He jumped at him when Peter wasn't looking. But Peter leaped out of the way and Captain Hook fell into the crocodile."

"Crocodile?"

"Why of course," said Wendy. "The crocodile was waiting in the water. He had bitten off Captain Hook's hand once, long ago, and he liked the taste of it so much that he always followed the captain around to see if he couldn't eat the rest of him. Fortunately the crocodile had swallowed an alarm clock and the captain could always hear him coming. He ticked, you see."

"I see." I was beginning to feel a trifle dizzy so I sat down. "And did the crocodile finally eat Captain Hook?"

"Well, no," Wendy said calmly. "At least I don't think so. The captain yelled and jumped and swam away very fast before the crocodile could get his mouth closed."

"I should think so," said I.

"Then Peter sprinkled the whole pirate ship with pixie dust, and it all turned to gold. It was just beautiful."

"Indeed."

"Yes, and then it could fly, too. It flew up, away from the pirates' cove and past the mermaid lagoon and through the sky, back to London, with all of us on board. And so we came home."

I looked out the window then, and do you know, for a moment I thought I could see Wendy's fabulous golden pirate ship, sailing through the sky. Somehow it reminded me of a ship I'd seen before, long years ago, when I was a boy. But when I rubbed my eyes and looked again, hard, it seemed to break up and fade away and I realized that it was only some clouds drifting across the moon. I knew then that Wendy's story was just nonsense. I mean—crocodiles with alarm clocks and boys who can fly and mermaid lagoons and such—why those things just couldn't happen.

Or could they?

The crocodile was waiting for Captain Hook.







THE FALLEN GIANTS







Photographs by CARLOS ELMER

Imagine a fertile river valley, green and cool. Nearby an ancient sea beats on the shore, creating a never-ending, restless overtone of sound. A forest of stately pines shelters strange, monstrous reptiles, creatures of the days before man—the phytosaur, the stegocephalian, the anomodont.

Hard as it may be to believe, the green land you see in your mind's eye and the barren scene above are the same place. But one hundred and fifty million years have passed. The fertile valley has disappeared, and in its place is a silent, lonely region dotted with fallen trees turned to stone—the Petrified Forest of Arizona.

What caused this tremendous change?

At first, as we have seen, all was serene and beautiful. But the earth was restless. As centuries went by, mountains gradually arose and the seas retreated. The great reptiles vanished. Floods roared down, washing everything before them.

Torn from their places, the trees were swept into the rivers and carried downstream. Waterlogged, stripped of their bark, their branches and most of their roots, they were buried deep in sand and mud.

If nothing more had happened, these forest giants would have decayed. Or perhaps, deep underground, they would have turned to coal. But now distant volcanoes sent clouds of fine cinders on the winds. This volcanic ash was deposited upon the mud and sand in which the trees were buried. For ages this was repeated—more trees, more burials, more volcanic ash. In the ash were many minerals, particularly silica, which dis-



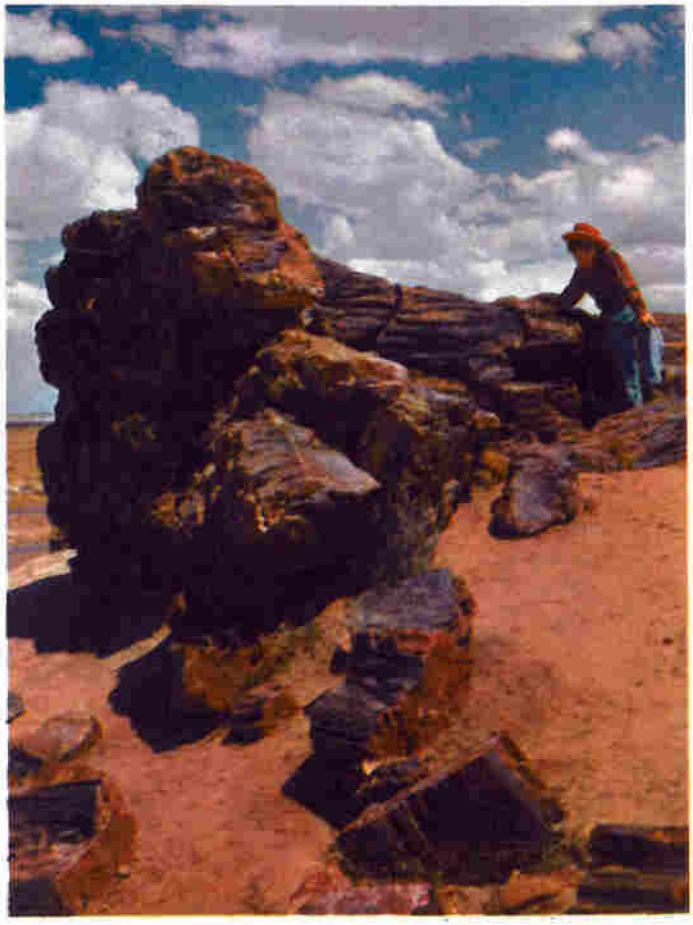
solved into the water and were washed into the crevices in the tree trunks.

Gradually, the wood dissolved and the minerals from the water formed the pattern of the cellular structure of the trees. Or, to put it another way, as each bit of wood dissolved and was washed away, tiny particles of mineral took its place. At last no wood was left, only hard, flinty stone and agate shaped in the form of the original trees. The silica solidified into gem stones – clear amethyst, amber, green, black and red. And so the logs became storehouses of jewels – agate, onyx, carnelian, opal and other precious and semi-precious gems.

There was one more step. The buried trees were gradually uncovered by high winds and the action of the elements—a process extending over millions of years – until the fallen giants were exposed.

There are indications that once a prehistoric people lived among the trees-turned-to-stone. Ruins of ancient houses built with blocks of petrified wood were discovered some years ago, and tools and weapons fashioned from petrified wood have been found. But the Petrified Forest did not really come to the attention of the American people until it was discovered that the petrified "wood" could be polished and sold as jewelry and ornaments. Then people who wanted to "get rich quick" swarmed into the area and carted off tons of material. At last the government stepped in and made the area a National Monument, so that future generations of Americans could marvel at its strange, weird beauty.

This huge tree, centuries old, has been turned to stone.





Our readers have been busy these past two months, writing to tell us what they liked about the last issue of our magazine, and what they want to see in future issues. We're grateful for all of these letters, and want to share a few of them with you.

—The Editor

Thank you very much for printing the story "Annette." I like it when you print the stories that are on television because if I should happen to miss a part on television I can read it in the magazine.

Laurice S.
North Hollywood, Calif.

I have been a subscriber to the magazine ever since the first issue came out and I keep all my magazines. There is just one thing I don't like. Why do you publish the same stories that are on television? If I see the stories on television I am not as interested in reading them in the magazine.

James D.
Chicago, Illinois

Many, many readers have written to tell us how much they enjoy being able to read the Mickey Mouse Club serials in the magazine. A few have written that they do not like to see these television stories adapted and published in the magazine. For those who prefer not to read the serials in published form, we always endeavor to have new, original fiction.

—The Editor

My sister and I like the Mickey Mouse Mystery and the Goofy detective story. Please have more mystery stories like these.

John S.
Charlotte, N.C.

We hope you'll enjoy the story of the great Sherlock Duck on pages 22 and 23 of this issue.

—The Editor

Darlene is wonderful. She is my ideal. I admire her so much that I have changed my name to Darlene. Please have more stories and pictures about her and her friends.

Darlene W.
Jacksonville, Florida

The story on pages 4 and 5 of this issue should please all the readers who've requested news of Darlene.

—The Editor

I liked the movie "Light in the Forest" and I liked Carol Lynley. James MacArthur was good, but I would like to see how he looks with his hair on instead of with that funny Indian haircut.

Mary W.
New York, New York

What does James MacArthur look like when he doesn't have an Indian haircut? Please print a picture.

Jo Ann C.
New Orleans, L.A.



Above is a photograph of James MacArthur as he looks without the Delaware crew cut. *—The Editor*

My favorite Mouseketeer is Cheryl. Where does she live? How did she become a Mouseketeer? Please say more about Cheryl.

Tommy G.
Dallas, Texas

Cheryl Holdridge, who was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, lives with her parents in Sherman Oaks, California. She became a Mouseketeer because of her many talents—singing, tap dancing, ballet and acting. Cheryl's hobbies are reading and cooking, and she has three pets—two cocker spaniels and a parakeet.

—The Editor.

How long does it take to make a movie? I have to know because I made a bet with my brother.

David W.
Athens, Georgia

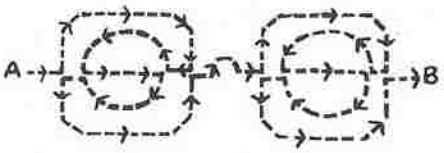
That all depends on the movie. A full-length animated feature like "Peter Pan" or "Sleeping Beauty" can take several years to complete. A live-action motion picture, like "Light in the Forest," is often done in eight or ten weeks—from the time the cameras start to roll until the final scenes are photographed.

—The Editor

SOLUTION TO THE DONALD DUCK MYSTERY

Huey, Dewey and Louie were surprised to learn that the dark-haired man who offered them spaghetti in Germany was the Master Criminal. If Donald hadn't been in such a hurry to get on to Moscow, he would have realized that spaghetti is not the national dish of Germany, and that any German who claimed it is just had to be an imposter.

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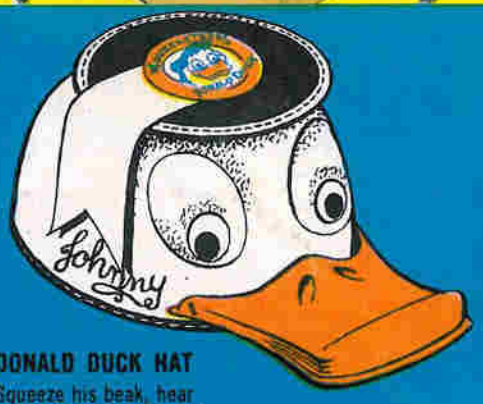
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